# The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June, *in the* July *number.*

Special Notice.—*Vol. I. of* The Bookman *is now ready, price 4s., handsomely bound. As only a few copies are available, early application is necessary. The publishers reserve the right of raising the price. Cases for binding, price 1s., can also be had.*

## NEWS NOTES.

Readers of Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' will be glad to hear that he is engaged upon, and will shortly finish, a sequel to that story. We understand that the new tale is to be called 'David Balfour'—the hero of 'Kidnapped'—whose adventures it will narrate both at home and abroad.

Mr. Kipling's letters announced by us last month have been commenced in the *Times* and other journals. A contemporary is wrong in saying that a "powerful and wealthy syndicate" arranged the business. Everything was settled by Mr. Kipling's well-known literary agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, of Paternoster-square.

When last heard from, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his wife were on their way to Yokohama. He has arranged for the early publication of another volume of his stories.

It is pleasant to note the friendly intercourse that prevails among novelists nowadays. Dr. Conan Doyle has, we hear, been staying with Mr. J. M. Barrie at Kirriemuir; and in the early autumn Dr. Doyle, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Jerome propose taking a trip to Norway together in a steam yacht which will be specially engaged for the purpose. Mr. Stevenson has sent Mr. Barrie a hearty appreciation of 'The Little Minister.'

Mr. Wilde's highly successful play, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' is shortly to see the light in book form. The version will be much longer and more elaborate than that now being produced at St. James's Theatre, as Mr. Wilde deliberately cut out some of the most brilliant dialogues in order that the play might not occupy more than a certain time. Those who have seen the book version of 'Lady Windermere's Fan' are of opinion that it reads even better than it acts. It is not unlikely that the play will be the subject of an action in France, as a type-written copy which Mr. Wilde had lent to a friend in Paris was seen by some unscrupulous person, who made and circulated a wretchedly imperfect and mutilated copy.

Dr. George Macdonald has now almost completed the new and final edition of his Poems, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Those who believe that Dr. Macdonald is primarily a poet will be delighted to hear that over one hundred new pieces are included in this collection.

Dr. Macdonald will shortly publish, through Mr. Elliot Stock, selections from Sir Philip Sidney, with the following quaint title-page:—

A CABINET OF GEMS
CUT AND POLISHED BY SIR
PHILIP SIDNEY; NOW FOR
THE MORE RADIANCE
PRESENTED WITHOUT
THEIR SETTING BY
GEORGE MAC
DONALD

Miss Olive Schreiner is sending from Africa immediately a number of manuscripts, written during recent years.

The opening paper in Mr. Barry Pain's new volume, 'Stories and Interludes,' which Messrs. Henry and Co. will issue immediately, will be entitled 'The Glass of Supreme Moments.' Mr. Pain has put his best work into the new book, and much is expected of it.

A series of papers, in which eminent novelists will tell how they came to write their most popular book, has been arranged for by the editors of the *Idler*. Mr. Clark Russell will give the history of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' and among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. Besant, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Kipling, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mr. Grant Allen.

A very rich and striking cover in white and gold has been designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts for the new edition of Mr. Oscar Wilde's 'Poems,' which Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane are about to issue.

Mr. Arthur Patterson, brother of Mrs. William Allingham, and author among other things of 'I'll tell thee, Dick,

where I've been,' a recent Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, has written a new tale of adventures among Red Indians.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the very promising Australian writer, has completed a new story, 'Mrs. Falchion,' which will appear first in serial form.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has arranged to contribute a historical novel to a Church of England magazine during 1894.

Mrs. Clifford—whose popularity is rapidly increasing—has collected another volume of her short stories, which will be issued shortly.

Nobody will be surprised to hear that Mr. Conan Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' have proved so acceptable to the readers of the *Strand Magazine* that Mr. Newnes has arranged for a second series.

Mr. Bret Harte spent his Easter holidays at Eastbourne, and completed there his new story, 'Sally Dows.'

Lady Lindsay, who recently issued a volume of short stories through Messrs. A. and C. Black, has finished a new novel. So has Mrs. Henniker, daughter of the late Lord Houghton. Mrs. Henniker's book will be entitled 'Tares.'

Mr. Grant Allen has completed another new novel, and professes to find greater enjoyment in the writing of fiction as he comes nearer to his own ideal.

Mr. Hamish McCunn has finished a new cantata, to be called 'The Witch of Fife.'

Messrs. Longmans intend publishing a Colonial Library, as Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. A. and C. Black have done for some time. The first volume of their venture will be by Mr. H. Rider Haggard.

The interesting letters recently published in the *Cornhill* from the collections of the late Mr. Lehmann were selected by Mr. James Payn; the connecting explanations were written by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, author of 'Harry Fludyer at Cambridge'—a book in which, by the way, Mr. Lehmann's mother collaborated.

Miss May Crommelin has ready for publication a sensational novel, entitled 'For Sake of Family.'

A note on "James Matthew Barrie" appears in the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It will be from the pen of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. The same number will also contain a complete novel, entitled 'The Golden Fleece,' by Mr. Julian Hawthorne.

The sole serial copyright of the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Richard Daft, the well-known Notts cricketer, has been acquired by the *Athletic News*, and the "Reminiscences" will appear in no other paper. After they have run through the *News* they will of course, however, be published in volume form.

'Through the Red Litten Windows and the Old River House,' a recent volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pseudonym Library," is, we hear, from the pen of Mrs. Mattos, a relative of Mr. R. L. Stevenson.

The lady who, under the name of V. Schallenberger, contributed the successful little volume 'Green Tea' to the "Pseudonym Library" will probably be heard of further in the literary world under her real name, Mrs. Simmons. She is an American, but has resided for some time in England in the artist colony at St. Ives. She is a painter by profession, but has been encouraged to give up the brush for the pen. In 'Green Tea' she made her literary *début*.

The *Albanian* is the title of a new monthly magazine which is issued by the St. Albans Grammar School, which, by-the-bye, claims to be the oldest grammar school in England, having been founded in A.D. 1095. The *Albanian* has made a very good start, the first two numbers containing a serial story, poems, a history of the school, letters from old boys at the universities, and other interesting matter.

Mr. W. Le Queux, of the *Globe*, the author of 'Guilty Bonds,' a volume the introduction of which into Russia was officially forbidden, has ready for publication another book, entitled 'Tales of a Nihilist,' which he claims is founded upon facts.

Messrs. William Paterson and Co. are about to issue a very limited edition of 'Don Quixote' in four volumes demy 8vo, illustrated by thirty-seven fine etchings by Lalauze, of Paris. The *edition de luxe* of 'Jane Eyre' published recently by the same firm, whom we erroneously described as Messrs. W. H. Paterson in our March issue—in two volumes, with portrait, vignettes, and etchings—is nearly sold out.

The collection of verse which Mrs. W. Davenport Adams will publish in a few months is entitled 'The Poets' Praise of Poets.' It will consist of the tributes which English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have paid to one another and to the poets of other nations. The bards thus celebrated begin with Homer, include all the chief English and Continental poets, and end with living writers, English and foreign. For the purposes of her book, Mrs. Davenport Adams (the compiler of 'Sea Song and River Rhyme' and other volumes) has re-studied the whole *corpus poetarum*, a task which has occupied her during several years. She will reprint, by permission, many copyright poems.

The story of Walt Whitman's first introduction to English readers is told at length in W. B. Scott's autobiography, the publication of which has been delayed till autumn. The true original introducer was Thomas Dixon, of Sunderland. He picked up a copy of the Brooklyn 'Leaves of Grass' from a Yankee pedlar and auctioneer, and sent it to Mr. W. B. Scott. Mr. Scott, then resident in Newcastle, procured more copies from the same source,

and sent one on to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose selection first made Whitman known to the English public.

This was as far back as in 1856. The pedlar, Grindrod by name, was a man of some character, having something in common with Wordsworth's Wanderer, though not cast exactly on the same lines. He afterwards fought through the American War side by side with Whitman, of whom he was a disinterested admirer; thereafter resumed his trade of travelling auctioneer or Cheap Jack in England, and finally lost his life in a railway accident. Several copies of Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' were in his pack in 1856, partly, perhaps, because he admired the poet, but partly also because they were unsaleable and therefore cheap in America. He sold them in Sunderland with other goods by Dutch auction, locally known as hand-selling, putting them up at a high figure and coming down till he found a purchaser.

Thomas Dixon, who thus made acquaintance with Whitman's poems, was himself a man of mark, and later on was the means of introducing another poet to the public, Skipsey, the pitman. He was a cork-cutter by trade, but his energy and public spirit gave him great influence, and it was mainly through him that a Free Library, a School of Art, and a Picture Gallery were secured for Sunderland.

Dixon corresponded with many illustrious personages and among others with Mr. Max Müller, who, on the occasion of a commemoration of him in the Sunderland Free Library—he died comparatively young—paid him this remarkable tribute: "Nothing gives me a stronger faith in the intellectual vigour and moral strength of the English people than that such a man as Thomas Dixon could have lived and passed away almost unknown, except to his friends and fellow-citizens. We must not judge England by its so-called head or capital city, but by its backbone, that runs through the provinces, and by its noble heart that beats so strongly in the breasts of such men as Thomas Dixon—a provincial cork-cutter, if you like—but a truer, nobler man than many a Duke or Marquis."

**Irish.** Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue's 'Biographical Dictionary of Irish Poets,' the first part of which has just appeared, seems to be a very laborious piece of work very thoroughly executed. Almost too thoroughly, one feels halt inclined to think, observing how extremely elastic a sense is bestowed upon the words "Irish" and "Poet." For instance, they must have been made a very cheveril glove of before the first term could by any means fit an Italian lady, born in Dublin, who did Macaulay and Longfellow into her native tongue. And there is something really brigand-like in the capture of a learned judge upon the occasion of a single excursion into "a peaceful province of Acrostic land." Still, in the compilation of a dictionary, a yearning for completeness is a failing which ever leans to virtue's side. The student had rather stumble upon twenty superfluous names than fail to find the one he seeks, a fate not likely to befall him in consulting these pages, from which we can well believe that, as the author says in his preface, "hardly a score of the greatest and best known writers are left out."

**Continental.** For Hachette's new series, "Les Capitale du Monde," François Coppée has written the volume on Paris, and Melchior de Vogué the one on St. Petersburg. The series is meant to be a readable one, and not to consist merely of condensations of Murray and Baedeker, and with this end in view the publishers have been at some pains to secure contributors who combine literary skill and reputation with topographical knowledge. Pierre Loti, Madame Adam, and Señor Castelar have each undertaken a capital.

M. Grand-Carteret's "Richard Wagner en caricature" has been published by Larousse. It is an interesting fact to be learnt from turning over its amusing pages that the most violent attacks on Wagner, in the form of caricature at least have sprung from German countries.

M. Felix Rabbe has, with praiseworthy industry, been devoting himself to researches into the treatment of Joan of Arc by English writers, from Holinshed and Marlowe to the present day. The result of his inquiries he has published under the name of "Jeanne d'Arc en Angleterre" (Albert Savine), and the conclusion to be drawn from the book is that, in English literature at least, some amends have been made to Joan, and that there are few apologists for the harm done to her long ago.

When M. Dumas retires to his country hermitage he means to renounce even some of the legitimate attractions of the world. His collection of pictures and of *objets d'art* is an unusually fine one, but it is to be sold, amateurs will be interested to know, on May 13th, at the Hotel Drouot. As, however, he means to let none of the pictures that have been given to him go under the hammer—and these are a valuable collection in themselves—his walls in Marly-le-Roi will not be altogether bare.

Of the 1,277,436 volumes lent by the Paris Municipal Libraries in one year, fifty per cent. were fiction. Zola and Jules Verne head the list of favourite writers, and Dumas père and Eugéne Sue continue to be very popular. Balzac and George Sand seem to have fallen out of favour. After fiction comes poetry. There Victor Hugo is far ahead of any other in popularity. "Les symboliques" are reported to have had eleven readers!

M. Leon Séché's interesting work, entitled "Les derniers Jansenistes et leur rôle dans l'histoire de France depuis la ruine de Port Royal jusqu à nos jours" (Perrin), is now completed. The third volume treats of the history of liberal catholicism from 1830 to 1870, and contains some curious revelations of what goes on in politico-ecclesiastical directions behind the scenes in the Vatican.

Almost simultaneously with Pierre Loti's *éloge* of Octave Feuillet comes the announcement, by Calmann Levy, of the first volume of the "Théâtre complet" of Feuillet.

The "Bibliothéque franco-étrangère," a new enterprise undertakes to interpret the foreign novel of the present day for French readers. Up till now only English or American

works are announced, which are to be prefaced by a critical study of the author's work by the editor, M. Théodore Benzon. It is interesting to note the books that he publishers have thought wise to introduce the series by They are, under their French title, "La Fille à Lowrie," "La Sœur de Miss Ludington" (Bellamy); "Les Nouvelles Mille et une Nuit" (Stevenson); and "Le Roman de la Femme Médicine" (S. O. Jewett).

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The same social problem that Daudet has treated in his melancholy 'Rose et Ninette' is dealt with in Jules Claretie's recently published 'L'Américaine' (Dentu). Both speak of divorce as of a desperate and doubtful remedy, but while the one shows its practical evils, the other does not abandon his hero and heroine to its miseries, but staves it off and contrives a genuine reconciliation.

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In 'Volontaire,' a new novel by Madame Dieulafoy (Armand Colin), we have a very romantic story of the Revolution. The historical background is well-managed, and the tale is a spirited one. Its heroine, of a Royalist family, serves in the Republican army, and attains the rank of lieutenant. Then misfortunes fall thick, and the scaffold is ready for her, then she is saved for happiness ever after by her old lover. 'Volontaire' is in no sense of the word a novel of to-day, which fact alone will gain for it not a few grateful readers.

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It is a dangerous thing for a poet to express in set terms his theories on his own art. There are at least two very respectable precedents for it, but language, as well as the habit of literary docility has changed since their respective days. M. Sully Prudhomme has, nevertheless, been bold enough to make a like attempt, though in a less rigid fashion, in his 'Réflexions sur l'Art des Vers' (Lemerre). With modern tolerance of variety he does not lay down any very hard and fast rules, but he is a little severe on some of the young poets of the day, who are for making their own laws, irrespective of tradition.

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Another set of literary portraits! Surely concerning certain men of letters of the present day there can be nothing left to know or to surmise. M. René Doumic's 'Portraits d'Ecrivains' (Delaplace) contains studies of Dumas fils, Emile Augier, Sardou, the de Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, Weiss, and others less known in this country.

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Readers of 'Marah' who are also readers of Heine will be surprised to learn that a critic in the *Nouvelle Revue* declares Lord Lytton's poems to be "not less lyrical, and infinitely more graceful, pointed, and delicate," than are Heine's 'Lieder.'

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'Karikari' is the title of Ludovic Halévy's latest work.

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'Ruelles, Salons, et Cabarets,' by M. Emile Colombey (Dentu) is an interesting and gossipy guide book to the byeways of literature in the last century. Its second title is 'Histoire Anecdotique de la Littérature Française,' so the present volume can only be an instalment. Nearly all the chief personages of the time are met with, very informally, too, either in Necker's Salon, or in the Café Procope, or some equally genial haunt.

We give some notes from a recent conversation with M. Daudet:—

"I wish, M. Daudet, to ask you a question which I am sure you are more competent to answer than most writers of the present day. What do you think of literature as a profession?"

"I do not think anything of literature as a profession," answered Mons. Daudet slowly. "I speak from bitter experience, for I have lived by my pen all my life. After all, there is nothing so weary as brain work, and it is practically impossible to keep up the sort of strain undergone by every literary man for many years without breaking down. Of course if the would-be author has a small independence, and is thus sure of not actually starving, there is no real reason why he should not give himself up to letters altogether, but still my strong advice to the young people who come to me for my opinion on the matter always is, 'Stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good you will always find time to do it.'"

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"Then, Mons. Daudet, you often find yourself in the position of literary father confessor to the would-be dramatist and author?"

"I should be afraid to say how many young men consult me on these matters in the course of a year—till lately I generally read or at least glanced over manuscripts sent to me; but of course the writers, although they did me the honour of seeking my advice, rarely took the trouble of following it. I will give you two absolutely true instances which have occurred during the last ten years. Two professors, both married men, with children, and each teaching in one of our great Lycées or public schools, came to me with manuscripts in their hands. To both, after careful perusal of their work, I gave the same answer: 'You will never succeed in literature, for you have no originality or literary power, although your language is pure and your style correct; therefore, if only for the sake of those dependent on you, give up all thought of making letters your profession, and remain steadfast to the honourable career in which you are beginning to make a certain mark among your fellows.' One of these professors had unfortunately already had an article accepted and inserted in a magazine; he disregarded my advice, threw up his post, and leaped into the great literary ocean where so many come to certain disaster. Six weeks ago I was implored by some charitable people of my acquaintance to give a small donation to an unhappy brother pen. who, together with his unfortunate wife and children, was literally dying of starvation. Upon investigation I discovered that this unfortunate man and my professor were one and the same person! As for the other man who had come at the same time, and who had followed my advice, he always visits me about Christmas time, to bring his good wishes for the coming year, and to thank me with a grateful heart for having dealt faithfully by him. He has now an important scholastic position in the University of Paris, and is earning an income of 30,000 francs a year."

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"And do you believe in journalism as a stepping-stone to literature?"

"I cannot say that I do; although of course, I also have been a journalist in my time, and some of the writing in our newspapers is undoubtedly literature in its highest form. The young man who begins writing in order to support himself invariably drops into newspaper work. Nothing is so well paid—I speak from the day-to-day and pot-boiling point of view—but as the work has to be done extremely quickly, the style insensibly alters, and from being literature becomes journalism."

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"And do you approve, Mons. Daudet, of women writing?"

"How should I not when my own wife has always written, and when much that is best in my literary work is owing to her influence and suggestion? A woman can so often say things that we rougher natures cannot express in just language." And then Mons. Alphonse Daudet tells in few eloquent words all that his wife, the beautiful and charming Julia Daudet, who has signed some of the truest and most subtle descriptions of French child-life ever written, has been to him. "I often think of first meeting with her," he says, smiling. "I was quite a young fellow and had quite a prejudice against literary women and especially against poetesses, but I came, saw, and was conquered," he concludes smiling, "and have remained under the charm ever since."

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Friedrich Bodenstedt, whose death at Wiesbaden was announced last week, was a native of Peine, a small town between Brunswick and Hanover. His Eastern studies began in 1841, when he went to Moscow as tutor to the sons of Princess Galizin. His travels in Southern Russia and Asia Minor were described in 'Tausend und ein Tag im Orient,' which contained the famous Mirza-Schaffy songs. The songs were published separately and have gone through about a hundred editions. In the preface to his collected works, Bodenstedt gives Gustav Freytag the credit of discovering his merit.

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Bodenstedt was an industrious Shakespeare student and translated all the sonnets—a work of which he was naïvely proud. He also helped with Tieck and Schlegel's 'Shakespeare,' and made a good translation of King Lear. His life in Russia was written in full detail in his 'Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben,' the great fault of which is that it tells so much about the Russian nobility and so little about his own literary friends.

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His most famous poem was a short jingle of rhymes called 'Die Augen'—lines which would tax the skill of the translator:—

"Ein graues Auge
Ein schlaues Auge:
Auf schelmische Launen
Deuten die braunen.
Des Auges Bläue
Bedeutet treue;
Doch eines schwarzen Auges Gefunkel
Ist stets, wie Gottes Wege, dunkel."

A new novel by Paul Heyse, called 'Das Marienkind,' has just appeared in Engelhorn's 'Romanbibliothek.'

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A learned but also highly interesting critical biography of Albert Dürer has been written by Herr Anton Springer, who is of opinion that a good German should know his Dürer as he does his Goethe.

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Carlyle's letters to Varnhagen von Ense, extending over a period of twenty years (1837-1857), have been collected and translated by Dr. Richard Preuss, and are appearing in the *Deutsche Rundschau*. Varnhagen's replies have been searched for in England, but up to the present have not been found.

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A new Spanish novel of some interest is "El Santo Patrono," by D. José M. Maten. It has a historical setting in the political consequences of the September revolution, and the action closes with the arrival of Alfonso XII. in Spain.

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In this last fortnight's *Nouvelle Revue* there is an interesting sketch of the state of Danish literature at the present day. Head and shoulders above everybody else, of course, stands Brandes, not only for his own important contributions to literature, but because it was his insatiable curiosity and indomitable persistence that broke down the wall between Denmark and the rest of Europe. He let in light from all the countries that had any to give.

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The Danes, says their interpreter, found English literature on the whole unsympathetic. From Germany, political prejudice and hatred separated them. France was, therefore, the source of their chief inspiration. Daudet, Maupassant, and the de Goncourts are stated to be very popular, and Bourget and Edouard Rod in a lesser degree. Zola is widely read, but not imitated, and Flaubert has only the literary artists for his audience. All of which shows no strong national characteristic, for the same might be said of England, or of that part of it that has any interest in foreign literature at all.

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The three men picked out as being worthy to represent modern literary Denmark, after Brandes, are Jacobsen, a distinguished man of science and translator of Darwin, who died young; Schandorf, a Danish new humourist, and Herman Bang, who owns Balzac as his master.

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**American.** The new American copyright law is not proving so great a boon to English authors as many of them expected. Before the copyright law was passed, it was the custom for a number of reputable publishers to pay a sum down for advance sheets of forthcoming novels. This sum varied from ten to fifty pounds, according to the popularity of the author. With few exceptions, this rate of payment is not now more than doubled

or trebled, at the very outside. Formerly, where an author was paid £50 for advance sheets of a three-volume novel, he will now be paid £100 or £120 usually for copyright, but, occasionally a smaller sum will be paid as an advance upon royalties, reckoned at 10 to 15 per cent. on the retail price of the book.

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The fact that under the old *régime* a foreign author's books were reproduced by several pirates simultaneously, did not always imply a demand for that author's work, but was more the outcome of a very keen trade rivalry. Let us suppose that pirate brought A out a novel at 50 cents; in order to keep his customers together, pirate B would immediately issue an edition at 25 cents. B in turn would be undersold by another aspirant for trade favour at 20 cents, and so the battle would continue until a three-volume novel would be retailed on American news stands for as little as 20 or 15 cents. In this way a given book would frequently be reproduced by six or eight piratical firms, perhaps only one of whom would realise any profit on the transaction. On the other hand, an author, seeing his works so widely issued, would naturally suppose that there was a great public demand for them, and by process of reasoning would come to the conclusion that if his literary property were accorded due legal protection, its value would be considerable. Now, however, that it is legally protected, and the publisher must pay for his wares, he will turn his attention to native writers —of whom there is at least a score, whose names have never been heard of on this side of the Atlantic—whose works, of course, dealing with American characters and American scenes, will naturally prove more attractive to American readers.

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These remarks apply chiefly to authors of the second rank; those of the first order will always command their public and their price.

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Mr. Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is published in America by the Harpers. They seem to have issued first a reprint from the *Graphic*, in order probably to forestall the pirates. Now they are about to publish an edition "revised and expanded" by the author. The injustice thus suffered by Mr. Hardy is almost as great as any that piracy could inflict, and is a new proof of the radical imperfection of the Copyright Act. As a consequence American readers and critics have not yet begun to take 'Tess' seriously.

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The new book by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, 'A Pot of Gold, and other Stories,' is a collection of early stories written for children, and purchased by Messrs. Lothrop. As the copyright belongs to Messrs. Lothrop, they are legally entitled to issue it, but it is understood that Miss Wilkins strongly objects to the publication. It is stated that though the publishers do not recognise her right to royalties, they are prepared to give them if the book is successful.

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The work of Miss Wilkins is quite at a premium just now in America, and is obtaining very large prices from publishers and magazine editors. She has been paid 2,000 dollars in advance for her story which is to begin in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and will also receive a royalty upon every copy that is sold in volume form.

'A Human Document,' the story which Mr. W. H. Mallock has been running through the *Fortnightly*, is published in America as one of Cassell's "Sunshine Series"!

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The American tributes to Walt Whitman have been more guarded than the English, and the article in the justly respected New York *Nation* is distinctly adverse. Its chief literary charge against Whitman is that he was a dandy. "Of all our poets he is the least simple, the most meretricious." The idea naturally suggested by this is that the writer is not really familiar with Whitman, and the fact that we have first in the *Evening Post* and then in the *Nation* one of Whitman's most beautiful titles quoted as "When Lilies (*sic*) Last in Door Yard (*sic*) Bloomed," is proof of this.

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Another charge brought by the *Nation* has happily drawn out the following testimony from Mr. John Burroughs:— "He was always the picture of sweetness, sanity and health, even after his partial paralysis, up to within a few months of his death. No man who had led a debauched life in any way could have made the impression of purity and nobility, upon old and young, male and female, that he made. In his personal make-up, he was probably the most composite man of genius of our times. A British expert on temperaments, who visited him a few years since, said he had, in curious combination, all four temperaments. Most of us have only two."

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Speaking of Whitman's popularity in England, the *Nation* says that it was divided with authors now practically forgotten, with Artemus Ward and Josh Billings and the author of 'Sam Slick.' Were Artemus Ward and Haliburton more popular than they deserved to be? Was "Josh Billings" ever popular in England? Was Haliburton an American author? And, as Mr. Burroughs asks, were any of these made heroes of by such men as Prof. Dowden, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, or Mr. J. A. Symonds?

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Mr. Symonds' letter on hearing of Whitman's death must not be omitted:—"I can never tell anyone what Whitman has done for me. Brought up in the purple of aristocratic school and university, provided with more money than is good for a young man, early married to a woman of noble nature and illustrious connections, I might have been a mere English gentleman had I not read 'Leaves of Grass' in time. . . . It revolutionized my previous conceptions, and made another man of me. . . . He helped me to work at my chosen trade, literature, for better or for worse, as I was made to do it; but he also made me love my brethren, and seek them out with more perhaps of passion than he would himself approve."

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Henry Ward Beecher's remarkable and too little known novel, 'Norwood,' has been published in a cheap edition by Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 'A Book of Prayer,' from unpublished notes of the public ministrations of Henry Ward Beecher, compiled and arranged by T. J. Ellinwood, Mr. Beecher's reporter, will be published by the same firm.

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The Press Club of New York has taken a notable step in expelling a member for repudiating an interview. The member, Mr. Loewy, is a lawyer, and proprietor

of a paper called the *German Figaro*. Mr. H. W. Burdette, the interviewer, brought under the notice of the club the facts that Mr. Loewy had repudiated the interview, and that his employers had published an apology and dismissed him. A committee of five members of the club investigated the charge, and heard Mr. Loewy's defence. They reported unanimously that the charges were substantiated, and Mr. Loewy was expelled. It is hoped that the action will have a salutary effect on the repudiators of interviews in future.

## TO PROSPERO IN SAMOA.

A world away in dreams we roam—
The tempest howls, the lightnings fall;
Slim rainbows span the leaping foam
That shatters on your fortress wall;
Yet forth to shipwreck would we go
To be the guests of Prospero:

To join your court where glints the blue
Through frets of lank banana fans—
Mirandas, but of warmer hue,
And other, lazier Calibans,
And beaded Ariel-eyes that glow
To list the tale of Prospero.

They stoop from sultry southern stars,
They rise from yonder Peaceful Sea,
The sprites you bind in mystic bars
On Fancy's page, your thralls, as we.
A dream!—we wake, and falling snow
Hides Treasure Isle and Prospero.

Then flash us tidings of your weal!
Bid Ariel tread the ocean floor,
And fire-fed dragons, ribbed with steel,
Rush treasure-freighted to our shore
With tales of mingled mirth and woe,
The magic scroll of Prospero!

Y. Y.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

"—ἡ γὰρ ἐκτὸς καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας χαρὰ
ἔοικεν ἄλλῃ μῆκος οὐδὲν ἡδονῇ."—SOPHOCLES.

A twofold harm we hate in thy one name,
Thou who a mocking foe still enterest
At doors set wide to greet the longed-for guest;
A spy to track our Hope the path she came,
And stab her at the goal; a trickster's game
That cheats with foul for fair and worst for best;
Spiller of brimming joy-cups, fate's old jest;
A pleasure poisoned, and a frustrate fame.
Yea, thine all bitterest blame, and none denies,
Save haply some who dream that, far from here,
Men meet thee as they go in friendlier guise:
Rued losses' gain; dawn-rose on gloaming drear;
Swift guide to wonder-gates of sweet surprise;
Blithe laugher in the mask-reft face of Fear.

J. BARLOW.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WERE Genius proved not to exist, we would fain invent it, if only to account for the unaccountable graces and capricious defects of the author of 'Prince Otto.' In an age which had the usage and the right of conferring literary titles, he would surely have passed as "the Ingenious Mr. Stevenson," and deeply as he is tinctured with the *fin du siècle*, I somehow cannot but picture him among those Oxford Academics of the seventeenth century, litterati, humanists, and omniscientists, who crystallised into the Royal Society. Most of them had as little affinity as he to the modern scientific mind; intellectual aristocrats, they preserved the dignity of a stately dilettantism in their most trivial as in their gravest speculations, whether measuring the orbs of space, or hunting Echo in back gardens, or projecting the Cyclopean cesspool at New College, so vast that it should never need emptying till the end of time. How thirsty their curiosity, how exigent their demands at the Oracle of Nature, how versatile their lucubrations! Yet had they little of the utilitarian philanthropy of their grandsons. Nay, not even for its own sake did they pursue knowledge, but rather as a mental luxury, a noble diversion and exercise for the mind of the "gentleman scholar and philosopher," such as were tennis, bowls, and the high horse for his body. It needed a soul as coarse as Swift's to flout their complacent toils, for if by the way these Olympians divagate into triviality, extravagance, and paradox, they are never ridiculous; their very absurdities we welcome as gracious condescension, for each wayward, futile, pompous page is glorified by a nimbus of exquisite amenity and impregnable self-respect.

For ten years Mr. Stevenson's work has been to me a fascinating problem; I fall back on this comparison, far-fetched, perhaps, yet not wholly infructuous. It may have been suggested by his singular power of reproducing the diction of more eloquent days, but the parallel lies much deeper down. In those happy times Science was not yet divorced from Letters; the profoundest knowledge disdained not the embellishment of Style, which in turn lent its dignity to trifles. The ingenious mind could flit securely from grave to gay, from majestic to minute, for all inconsistency of matter was harmonised by a suave regularity of manner; what to us would be but picturesque disorder it shrank from with the embarrassment of literary nakedness. This same scholarly instinct has, by I know not what channel, passed to Mr. Stevenson—the same fastidious nicety, the same unfailing charm of expression. As an essayist or a story-teller, who more versatile, more erratic than he, eluding our criticism as he glides from tragedy to farce, from mirth to meditation, like some storm-bird diving to the depths and anon skimming airily on the surface? Are then his works a mere dazzling kaleidoscope, and he after all but *Arlequin Auteur*? By no means; for what writer is more easy to single out even from his imitators? His work is indeed of a rare and peculiar unity; the same unmistakable personality pervades every page; and in his style we find the secret of this harmony. It may vary sometimes in character according to the exigencies of the subject, but never at all in its one persistent feature—its excellence, or (to use a bad word in a good sense) its

superiority. Superior—that is, on a higher plane, of a finer quality than the language which does the every-day business of busy men. Superior—that is, aristocratically exclusive; and just as the ancient tongues which were the secret of priests and nobles were distrusted by the slaves, so now-a-days superiority of style is an affront to mediocrity. You may call it affected; what you mean by affected depends on how much you know of the practice of the art. For myself I shall not readily believe that any beautiful yet concise expression of original, consecutive thought was ever written *currente calamo*. With all the stimulus of listening senates or a breathless congregation, the orator can hardly rise to the unaffected nonchalance with which he is wont to pass the time o' day; how much less the author in his silent study. If affectation means sentimental insincerity, then is it nothing to our purpose; I have before now been asked to hand the butter with all the affectations of Della Crusca. If it mean only artifice, the charge is a compliment. Mr. Stevenson's style is thoroughly artificial, because the work of a thorough artifex, as indeed is Rembrandt's painting. But the artifice lies not in a knack of fine periods, but in the self-control, the self-repression, the self-respect which keep watch against slovenliness and vulgarity; his page is illuminated not so much by unvarying brilliance as by unvarying determination to express himself strongly and sweetly. Too ready an eye for the ridiculous bars my claim to judge on so delicate a point of taste, but fairer critics have owned that sometimes he refines overmuch, and allows the sense to drift with the words. It may be so, but what of that? there is good store of bread to his oceans of sack. It is not here my purpose to analyse his art, but rather to point out how little it has of the modern air. Take two other prose-artists of our time, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold; each in his way is entirely modern; they simply took up our English such as they found it, perfecting it to their needs. Mr. Stevenson goes back not merely, as the critics fancy, to Sterne, but behind the Revolution to a period when scholars wrote for scholars and dreaded a solecism as a stain upon their honour, when the sonorous compliment and gracious urbanity of the cedar parlour were not cast aside on entering the library, when the reader was still "gentle" enough to relish the assiduous court and subtle flattery of a finely elaborated style. That he alone should have adopted this felicitous model I attribute to the accident of his birthplace. So long as Lowland Scotch survives, so long must English, as the aristocratic, the learned, the literary language, attract with the charm of Plato's Attic or Petrarch's Tuscan, and a Scotch student will seek out the purest English exemplars with a singleness of eye by us unattainable.

But the parallel is even stronger as regards his dilettantism, the other note in his attractive personality. At first you mistake it for Voltairian *diablerie*, then for Neo-Gallic heartlessness, then for agnostical weariness of the flesh. Is he ever sincere? does he care for anything or anybody? does he not despise his own puppets and gloat over their miseries? are his books mere sleight of hand, and is the showman sneering at us dull clowns agape on his benches? No, it is all pure dilettantism, and that of the high old English breed. With a certain polished reserve not wholly flattering to his rivals, he stands daintily aloof from the rabble who live by tickling the ears of the Public-Ass. True, he owes it to himself to make no discourteous allusions to the reader's ears, but in a graceful way he allows him to gather that their length has not wholly escaped his notice, nor does the honest fool like him less for his discrimination than for his reticence.

Were authors princes they might all write like this. Without being a prince, Mr. Stevenson somehow succeeds in evading the attitude of the labourer worthy of his hire. He does not profess to cast fine pearls before swine; he means them for gentles and scholars; but if the swine come grunting round, with a laugh he scrambles a few handfuls among them. He pleases just because he claims to write only to please himself and a few kindred spirits—not you or me. His dainties were not dressed for us, but for our betters: we like them none the less for that; a few crumbs of the Empress Frederick's bridecake fell by some chance to my childish maw—I pronounced them excellent. Again, even when most confidential and caressing, he allows no liberties; he never hobnobs with the reader like Sterne; when you are beginning to presume on his condescension, suddenly by a careless sarcasm or a courtly phrase he lets you know your place. When your curiosity is whetted by his own vivid interest in some topic, long before you tire of it he tosses it aside for something new. He suffers you to drain no cup to the dregs. You are to understand that he is no professional scribbler, but a lettered gentleman who just allows you a sight of his manuscripts. Granted that in these days such an attitude involves a certain illusion, still the art with which it is maintained is almost perfect. Mr. Stevenson alone—or at least most of all—among our finer writers has succeeded in veiling the nexus of contract between author and reader, book-writer and book-buyer, and in its place reviving the courteous, gracious, mutually-complaisant relations now well-nigh forgotten. Hence the humanizing, if not precisely elevating, influence of his work. That work he seems to just carelessly leave in our way—not serious work, you understand—merely the pastime of a cultivated, leisurely mind. What scope, what license this artful dilettantism gives him! To criticise almost seems an impertinence. We must not even speculate what he could do if he liked; enough if we whisper that he has never yet chosen to do his utmost. Like those old experimentalists to whom I have compared him, he wades into deep waters, but no farther than he chooses; he diverts himself by turns with philosophy, fiction, science, the black art and what not; but nothing does he pursue in the sordid, technical, specialist spirit. Like them, too, his fancy is caught by chimeras and paradoxes on which he lavishes a world of elaboration. And why not? a literary aristocrat surely knows how to preserve his dignity while toying with his pen. Superiority—distinction is the note which separates the dilettante from the vulgar trifler, and this distinction is as conspicuous in the audacious incompleteness of some of his work as in the consummate perfection of the rest. Quite apart from style, his attitude to his craft—poorly as I have indicated it—revives a grateful reminiscence of the dilettantism of the Restoration.

If these things be so, to what shall we ascribe it but to pure Genius? Talent beats smoother the trodden ways; Genius alone strikes out a new path. Mr. Stevenson has

already found imitators, but his only rivals are not of his own generation; they sleep on their marble shelves beneath quaint classic canopies. Not by copying their eccentricities, but by adapting their liberal spirit and scrupulous manipulation to his modern needs, has he woven round him the spell of a magic personality and renewed our affection for the mother tongue.

It was not this side glimpse, this rambling excursion that I sat down to write. But after all there has been—there will yet be—no lack of criticisms on his several works. Personally, though I retract much that of old I hastily objected, there remains still more than one issue which I would gladly join with Mr. Stevenson, nor should I shrink from retorting upon him the playful charge of "protervity" which he once brought against me. A few words as to his influence will be more to the purpose. Some miserable rivals—their names I dare not breathe—may be more popular, but strange to tell, he is popular too. While on the one hand I was surprised at the gravity with which Pattison commended to me Mr. Stevenson's early essays, I have been equally struck by the keen relish of working men, not merely for his stories themselves, but for his manner of narration. After all, music can be enjoyed without understanding it. Upon the brighter spirits of the younger generation his influence is steadily growing. In the case of several whose development I have watched, the usual phases of enthusiasm lead up through various modern writers to Mr. Stevenson. There for the present they pause to enlarge their knowledge of bygone masters, as though conscious that he indicates the high-water mark of contemporary prose. From him they are learning the secret of fastidious and scrupulous diction, of rapid and veracious narrative, of measured design and proportion—graces which have too long lain dormant among us. But after all he marks but a transition, not a culminating point. Nothing he has yet put forth in scope, amplitude, or import challenges the great masterpieces. Yet is his place among the masters. What though his aim be short of the highest, his achievement less than perfect, his example point to no ultimate goal? He stands apart supreme in his own magic circle, compelling his spectres and chanting his spells. If we crowd round it is not to acclaim what is new-fangled and abnormal, but because we rightly prize Rarity, because the One is ever more to us than the Many, knowing as we do that in diversity of types lies the wealth of our literature as of our flora, and that every fresh literary form strikes light from yet another facet of the complex crystal of human mind. Whether the Magician will ever mellow into the Seer I cannot tell. All that he has yet done seems but of the nature of exercise and experiment—the capricious fluttering to and fro, the sportive circling of a swift-winged bird that purposes a flight high and far. But Genius knows best its own time to soar, and should time, health, and circumstance bar its rise, should he never pen another line, Robert Louis Stevenson—graceful and melodious singer, accomplished essayist, enthralling story-teller, inspirer of generous boys, cheering comrade of tired men, high priest of the arcana of our glorious tongue—with honour and without reproach will pass over to Treasure Island having deserved well of the Commonwealth of Letters.

Y. Y.

## THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

### RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*From London to Manchester—Miss Geraldine Jewsbury and her elder sister—She seeks counsel of Carlyle—Her long friendship with Mrs. Carlyle—Her brother and her Manchester home—Mrs. Carlyle in the North—Miss Jewsbury's first novel—Her London visitors and the Cushmans—Her second novel and Mrs. Carlyle—Carlyle's visit to Manchester.*

THE scene now changes from London to Manchester, "perhaps one of the best soils in this era," so Carlyle wrote to me when I informed him that I found myself domiciled in the metropolis of the cotton manufacture. Among its then denizens was a very intimate lady friend of Mrs. Carlyle, whose introduction of me to her procured me a cordial welcome. This was Miss Jewsbury, the "Geraldine" who figures so often and so prominently in Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence. Losing her mother at an early age, she was brought up by her elder sister, Maria Jane Jewsbury, a gifted and remarkable woman, whose prose and verse won for her the admiration and friendship of Wordsworth. He has left it on record that within the whole range of his acquaintance she had "no equal" as regards "quickness in the motions of her mind." In this respect Geraldine resembled her, but her mental development was very different from that of her sister. The elder Miss Jewsbury became deeply religious, and married a chaplain in the East India Company's service, with whom she proceeded to India, where she died, when her sister was in her twenty-first year. Geraldine fell under the influence, not of Wordsworth, but of Shelley, and with the result that was to be expected. She lost the faith of her childhood without gaining a new one, and for this she yearned. While harassed by what she afterwards half playfully, half sadly called "bother in her soul," she lighted on some of Carlyle's earlier writings. She found in them indications that there was still possible a faith in the Supernal which harmonised with Reason. Like many others in her predicament in those days, she wrote to Carlyle and confided to him her spiritual perplexities. Both he and his wife were impressed by the tone and tenor of Miss Jewsbury's ingenuous and anxious inquiries, and she was asked to visit them. Personal knowledge heightened their previous favourable impression of her. She was verging on thirty when Carlyle wrote of her as "one of the most interesting young women I have seen for years, clear delicate sense and courage looking out of her small sylph-like figure." He objected strongly to what he soon discovered to be her enthusiasm for George Sand, but this was not thought an objection by his wife, who greatly admired the genius, while disapproving of the ethics, of the famous Frenchwoman. She and Miss Jewsbury soon contracted a warm friendship, which, with occasional intermissions, lasted for nearly half a century, and ended only with Mrs. Carlyle's death.

At the time when, during the first of my two sojourns in Manchester, I made Miss Jewsbury's acquaintance, she kept house for her brother Frank, who was in business in

Manchester. He was a young man of quick observation and much intelligence, well read in some departments of literature, highly social, and like the model bishop of the great apostle, "given to hospitality." They lived in Green Heyes, the suburb of Manchester in which Thomas De Quincey was born. Their house looked pleasantly on the green fields in which is laid the scene of the opening chapter of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Mary Barton,' and which with the growth of Manchester since then have suffered an invasion of brick and mortar. Here Mrs. Carlyle sometimes visited her Geraldine, on her way to or from Liverpool, where she had both friends and relatives. Her visits to both places were paid without her husband, the Carlyles having adopted the sensible practice of separating for at least a month in each year. Mrs. Carlyle was never happier than during these visits to the North. She could say and do what she liked, and was courted and caressed for her own sake, and not for her husband's. This pleased her not a little, for proud though she was of him, and whether with him or away from him, always occupied with his interests and his comfort, I once heard her say, "I can't bear to be thought of as only Mr. Carlyle's wife." Now and then, as will happen with clever and sensitive women, she and Miss Jewsbury had their differences. Mrs. Carlyle was nearly twelve years Miss Jewsbury's senior. She had seen much more of the world than her less experienced and more impulsive junior, whom at this and the other little crisis she sometimes lectured when sympathy rather than rebuke was expected. "Mrs. Carlyle pours oil into your wounds, but it is oil of vitriol," Miss Jewsbury once remarked to me when she was smarting under some infliction from her London friend's reproving pen. But these were mere brief episodes of a friendship during which Mrs. Carlyle did much to help Miss Jewsbury, both socially and in her literary career, and was repaid by her junior's affectionate sympathy and attentions of every kind.

A year or two before my arrival in Manchester Miss Jewsbury had produced her first of several novels, one which Mrs. Carlyle, or through her, the ever-helpful John Forster, induced her husband's publishers to issue. This was 'Zoe, or the Two Lives,' which though mostly forgotten now, was the precursor not only of Mr. Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith,' published three years after it, but of 'Robert Elsmere' and the progeny to which it has given birth. The "two lives" were those of a hero and a heroine. The hero, belonging to a good English and Roman Catholic family, resolves, being full of enthusiastic piety, to enter the Romish priesthood, and goes to an ecclesiastical college at Rome to fit himself for it. He becomes a priest and a professor, and his abilities and fervid religious zeal being recognised by his superiors, he seems destined to rise to a very high position in the hierarchy of his Church. But reading and reflection lead him to doubt the truth not only of Romish but of all Christian theology, and doubt leads him gradually to denial. After a not unnatural struggle, he determines to sacrifice his position and prospects in the Church rather than hypocritically continue to profess a faith which his reason has forced him to reject. The long and painful conflict in his mind between old associations and the course which conscience dictates to him, the desolate aspect of the universe and human life to a man so educated and trained when the sun of faith has ceased to illuminate them, are depicted with great power and vividness. Space does not allow me to sketch the subsequent career of Miss Jewsbury's hero, one which is far less commonplace than the sequel of Robert Elsmere's departure from orthodoxy, though like that, it ends in premature death. But so far as my acquaintance with modern English fiction extends, 'Zoe' was the first novel in which the hero's career is made dependent on the victory of modern scepticism over ancient belief.

At home, or in society, Miss Jewsbury did not give one the impression of having grappled with the problems which 'Zoe' showed to have been familiar to her. She was not in the least a blue-stocking, never speaking of her own books, and not very much of other people's. "A cheerful, transparent little creature," was Carlyle's later verdict on her, when she had got rid of "bother in her soul" and he had condoned her devotion to George Sand. Her conversation was full of wit and point. She was a most agreeable hostess, and never seemed happier than when witnessing the enjoyment of her brother's friends at his frequent symposia. Of literary and artistic society there was not much during my first sojourn there, but Londoners of more or less intellectual note who visited Manchester generally found their way to the Jewsburys, and were welcomed by brother as well as by sister. One of them was Westland Marston, the dramatist, a polished, gentleman-like young man, author of 'The Patrician's Daughter,' which had considerable success on the London stage; he died only a year or two ago, having been long before left stranded by the indifference of the public to the poetic drama, which he had fondly hoped to revive, Marston came to lecture at the Manchester Athenæum. Another London visitor was Gallenga, then known by his *nom de plume* of Mariotti. He had written a book about Italy, his fatherland, from which he was a political exile, and in after years was to become, under Delane, a travelling correspondent of the *Times* in several widely-separated regions of the globe. A clever, rather cynical Italian, he came to Manchester to lecture on Dante before a more select audience than that of the Athenæum, thanks to the recommendation of his countryman, Gambardella, who had been painting portraits in Manchester, among them those of the family of one of its wealthiest German merchants. Mariotti, or Gallenga, found more than an audience for his lectures on Dante. He wooed and won a daughter of that wealthy German family, and the struggling Italian exile was a made man for life. During my second and somewhat later sojourn in Manchester, Mr. Froude was for a time settled there under circumstances which seemed to preclude the possibility that he would ever become, as he has just become, a Professor at Oxford, of all places in the world. George Henry Lewes was also in Manchester about the same time, though he, compared with Mr. Froude, was but a bird of passage. Of both Mr. Froude and Lewes, who were frequent guests of the Jewsburys, more hereafter.

During my first sojourn in Manchester I saw something of Miss Jewsbury's very intimate friends, the two Cushmans American actresses, the elder of whom had astonished the Londoners by playing Romeo to her sister's Juliet. In due time she was introduced to Mrs. Carlyle, of whom in one at least of her social phases—and Mrs. Carlyle had several—

Miss Cushman has given a brief but life-like word-portrait in a letter printed by her American biographer. It was probably through the keen interest in the stage created in Miss Jewsbury by this intimacy with the Cushmans that she was led to make a gifted and enthusiastic actress one of the heroines of her second novel, 'The Half Sisters.' Like her subsequent fictions, it sustained without increasing the reputation as a novelist which 'Zoe' had gained her. The proofs of 'The Half Sisters' were sent to Mrs. Carlyle to be corrected. But Carlyle, who had a contempt for novel writing, and perhaps thought that Miss Jewsbury's new fiction was George Sandish, objected, rather crustily declaring, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to John Forster, "I do not know bad grammar when I see it any better than she does," and "if I had any faculty I might find better employment for it, etc., etc." Accordingly Mrs. Carlyle "resigned." Without telling me of the withdrawal of so distinguished a predecessor, Miss Jewsbury asked me to undertake the task of proof correcting. I performed it with so much of youthful zeal that she thought me, I fancied, to have over-shot the mark. However, she thanked me for having, as she phrased it, "set her sentences on their legs," and indeed in whatever she wrote, books or letters, they had an irrepressible tendency to sprawl, her punctuation consisting mainly of dashes. Carlyle's interference to prevent his wife from becoming in this instance a correctress of the press was singular, since only a month before he had visited Manchester, where he was hospitably entertained by Miss Jewsbury and her brother, and had shown himself most amiably disposed towards her. But some account of his sayings and doings during that visit to Manchester must be reserved for my next chapter. Φ

## THE LATE MR. JOHN MURRAY.

IN his admirable history of the house of Murray, published in the *Critic* (1860), Mr. Espinasse says, "A gentleman in manners and education, princely in his dealings, the friend as well as publisher of many of the first authors of his age, John Murray was more than what Byron called him —'Strahan, Tomson, Lintot of the times,' and if it be true, as Mr. Carlyle has said, that 'a good history of booksellers would be much more valuable than most histories of kings,' there are monarchs with whose elaborate biographies we would cheerfully dispense to receive in exchange a 'Life and Correspondence' of the late John Murray of Albemarle Street." Dr. Smiles' valuable book, 'A Publisher and his Friends,' came out thirty years after this pious aspiration; one may hope that the memoir and correspondence of Mr. Murray's not less eminent son and successor will appear without exorbitant delay. The beginnings of his career are already on record. Born in 1808, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Edinburgh University, he was very soon his father's confidential associate, and mingled freely with the brilliant literary circle of Albemarle Street. His sayings and doings as "young Murray" are carefully noted in Tom Moore's Journal. In 1831 "Mr. John Murray, junior," presented to Goethe at Weimar Lord Byron's dedication of 'Marino Faliero'—a dedication which somehow was never published. Goethe was then 82, and died in March of the following year. Of those who have seen Goethe in the flesh, the only survivor, so far as I know, is Professor Forbes, of Aberdeen. Readers of Mr. Smiles' book will remember the letters written by the young publisher when he was collecting material for his famous "Handbooks" in the company of Mr. William Brockenden, the artist, and Mr. Torrie, a fellow student at Edinburgh. The earliest is dated 1830, but it was 1836 before the first Handbook appeared (Holland, Belgium, and North Germany). South Germany, Switzerland, and France, all written by Mr. Murray, followed. The idea, too, was his, although his father contributed the familiar name of Handbook, and selected the uniform red cover. In spite of fierce competition, Murray's Guides still retain their superiority. They are literature. The practical parts are better than they used to be, and are being constantly improved.

In the autumn of 1843 Mr. Murray issued the prospectus of his 'Home and Colonial Library,' which went on prosperously for six years, and was the true precursor of the innumerable series which followed. At the same time he carried on the publication of standard works with the utmost energy. In his first decade as a publisher, Grote's 'Greece,' Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' Ticknor's 'Literature of Spain,' Borrow's 'Lavengro,' Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant,' Layard's 'Nineveh,' Murchison's 'Siluria,' were among the books he published. The *Quarterly* was conducted with brilliant energy by Lockhart, who was also confidential adviser to the publisher. It is perplexing that no memoir or memorial volume of Lockhart has yet appeared; the materials for such a book are both abundant and attractive. Croker was also a close ally. On Lockhart's death, in 1854, the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, a literary clergyman, who had served with Lockhart and was much trusted by him, succeeded to the chair. Mr. Elwin did not give up his Norfolk rectory (which he still holds), and contented himself with occasional visits to London. When Mr. Reeve succeeded to the editorship of the *Edinburgh*, he got rid of Henry Rogers, who had been a special favourite with Empson and Macvey Napier. Rogers was willing to transfer his services to the *Quarterly*, but met with a cold reception from Elwin, who actually lost his first article, and sent him the most unconcerned apology I have ever seen. The contributions to the *Quarterly* were not of one political colour; Mr. Espinasse hints that a paper on Chesterfield in Vol. 76 of the *Quarterly* was by Brougham, but this is not probable. Mr. Elwin did not retain the editorship many years. He took up the edition of Pope which Croker meditated in conjunction with Peter Cunningham, and ultimately handed it over to Mr. Courthope.

In 1858 Dr. Livingstone's Travels and Dr. Smiles' Life of George Stephenson were published by Mr. Murray. Of the success of Dr. Smiles' books it is needless to speak. A more notable event was the publication shortly after of a work by Charles Darwin. It has been said that Mr. Murray's chief distinction as a publisher was that he issued Darwin's works.

One of the greatest enterprises of the house was the publication of Dr. William Smith's Dictionaries and School-books. Mr. Espinasse says: "This very large undertaking was declined by several publishing houses to which it was offered. Although Mr. Murray himself was not the origi-

nator of the series, he at once accepted the offer of it, and has been instrumental in enlarging its plan and in suggesting useful editions."

Ever since, recently with the help of his son, Mr. Murray has continued his beneficent and prosperous career, maintaining the highest reputation for courtesy, lavish generosity, and the strictest integrity. New authors—notable among them Mrs. Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop)—have been brought forward, and novels and poems, for years tabooed, have been sparingly issued. The name of the firm is still a guarantee for the books it publishes, nor in the hands of his very able and cultured son and successor are its reputation and prosperity in the least likely to decline.

In magazines Mr. Murray was not quite successful. The story of the *Representative* is fully told in his father's papers. When Mr. Murray undertook the publication of the *Academy* a brilliant and enduring success was looked for. The periodical has survived, to the great advantage of English literature, but Mr. Murray's connection with it was brief. He abandoned it because of its liberality in Biblical criticism—a department of the paper then controlled by Mr. (now Professor) Cheyne. But Mr. Murray lived to reckon among his great successes 'Lux Mundi,' in which the main conclusions of modern criticism are frankly accepted. *Murray's Magazine* contained much good reading, but failed for lack of a supporting and unifying idea. The *Quarterly Review* survives in a green old age—one of the most brilliant numbers it has published being the latest.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

## AN OLD COMMONPLACE BOOK OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S.

IT is a long, thin book, with a marbled cover, worn black leather back, and time-stained pages; and it was given to its present owner as waste paper, many years ago, by a girl who lived at Farlingay, when Edward Fitzgerald was constantly staying there. The water-mark in the paper is 1831, no extract is dated until more than half-way through, the last entry being made in 1840. Fitzgerald evidently carried it about with him, as entries are made in different places, London—Boulge—Geldestone, where his sister lived—Halverstown. The writing in the *fac-simile* is much clearer than in the first pages, where it is smaller and closer, some words being difficult to decipher at all.

Of the large number of pages given up to extracts from Bryant's 'Mythology,' Wilkinson's 'Egyptians,' Parson's 'Account of the Peopling of the World after the Flood,' and 'Testimonies of Great Authors concerning the Origin of the Greeks,' and of the Latin and Greek quotations, I cannot speak. There are a few lines from Dante in the original, and some French from Pascal's 'Pensées' and the 'Annales de Bourgogne.' On the very first page Fitzgerald has copied from an old *Edinburgh Review* for 1816 a crushing denunciation of "German Literature," which proceeds in this way:—

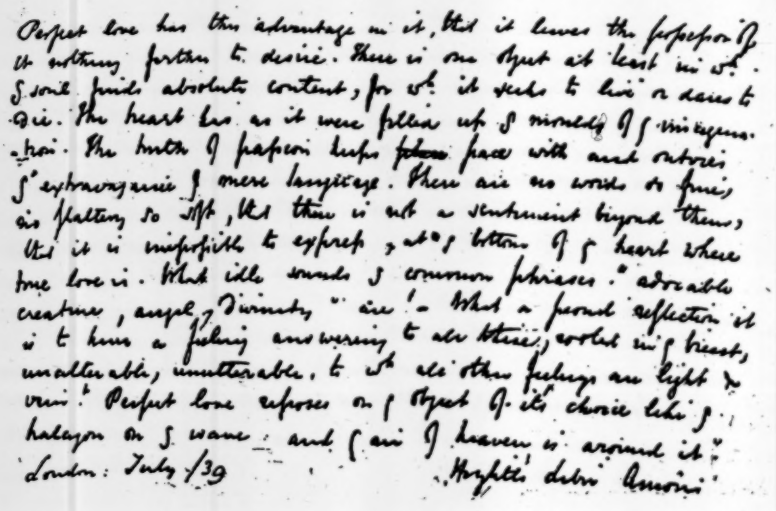
"They write, not because they are full of a subject, but because they think it is a subject upon which, with due pains and labour, something striking may be written. So they read and meditate—and having, at length, devised some strange and paradoxical view of the matter, they set about establishing it with all their might and main. . . . They are universal undertakers, and complete encyclopedists, in all moral and critical science. No question can come before them but they have a large apparatus of logical and metaphysical principles ready to play off upon it; and the less they know of the subject, the more formidable is the use they make of their apparatus. In poetry they have at one time gone to the utmost lengths of violent effect, and then turned round with equal extravagance to the laborious production of no effect at all. The truth is that they are naturally a slow, heavy people, and can only be put in motion by some violent and oft-repeated impulse, under the operation of which they lose all command over themselves, and nothing can stop them, short of the last absurdity," etc.

Further on, he admits into his pages "Margaret's Song while she undresses herself"—in Hayward's Translation. To turn to English. One set of quotations, from Hall's 'Chronicles' and a work entitled 'Letters, etc., from the Bodleian Library, Lond., 1813,' consists of shrewd character sketches of such worthies as Cardinals Beaufort and Wolsey, Prynne, James Harrington, and William Harvey, who "was wont to say that man was but a great mischievous baboon, and that the Turks were the only people who knew how to manage women." Of this kind are the quotations from the 'Annales de Bourgogne,' and there are also portraits of Baxter and Cranmer from *Edinburgh Reviews*. Fitzgerald seems to have been attracted by any account or incident which displayed distinct traits of character; he has copied such from Crabbe's 'Life,' Lockhart's 'Scott,' and Thirlwall's 'Greece.' There are only two quotations from novels in the book, one from 'Joseph Andrews,' where Adams "strongly asserted there was no such thing as pleasure in the world. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another," and this from 'Tremaine'—

"'I will have my revenge, however, like the stork,' continued Tremaine, good-humouredly, 'for when Mr. Careless does me the honour to dine with me at Woodington, he shall have nothing but kickshaws.

"'That's not the way I have been used to be treated at Woodington,' rejoined Careless; 'nor did I ever see there what I never thought I should have lived to see at Lord Bellenden's, as I did t'other day.' This he uttered with a loud and long-drawn sigh.

"'Pray what?' asked Tremaine.



"'A round of beef sent to the sideboard,' added Careless.

"'Monstrous!' remarked the Doctor.

"'It will lose his brother the county,' said Careless, seriously.

"Tremaine stared, and remarked 'that the county must be little worth having if it depended upon that.'

"'Why, what should it depend upon?' said Careless.

"'I should have thought,' said Tremaine, drawing up, 'upon integrity of character, sound principles of patriotism, and extensive connections.'

"'Why, true,' answered Careless, 'but principles are best seen, I always think, in manners and customs; and if a person departs from the customs of his ancestors, how do I know that he has not lost their principles too?'"

All this subtracted, what remains is, perhaps, of more interest, because it is possible to gather from it, if partially and obscurely, something of Edward Fitzgerald's habits of thought at that time, as it is probable that he copied many of the passages because they reflected some of his own beliefs and feelings. With two or three exceptions, one characteristic is common to all, including the poems, namely, that they are chosen for the thought they convey, and not for beauty of form or expression.

One of the first things of interest is a long catalogue of collections of poetry, principally Elizabethan, from 1559 to about 1680. Poems follow from some of these, particularly from England's 'Helicon,' England's 'Parnassus,' 'Wit's Recreations,' Churchyard's 'Jane Shore'—"very fine"—and W. Browne. Their subjects are mostly either love and friendship, or the freedom, and simple, natural delights of country life. Among these, unnamed, are Herrick's charming lines beginning—

> "Sweet country life, to such unknown
> Whose lives are others, not their own!"

To one beautiful poem, "A Hymn for a Widower," from G. Wither's "Hallelujah," altered to suit his own case by the second Earl of Bridgewater, "worthily recorded for his deep love for his good wife," Fitzgerald appends this comment: "Lord Bridgewater did as he had prayed to do, and he left written upon his tomb that he had sorrowfully worn out a widowhood of twenty-three years." It contains these lines:

> "Yet neither life nor death should end
> The being of a faithfull friend."

Fitzgerald had previously quoted from Montrose's "Song to his Lady," its "golden law"—

> "True love begun shall never end;
> Love one, and love no more."

He seems to have sympathised with such expressions of romantic, passionate affection, and, bearing in mind his statement to his correspondent, Allen, "My friendships are more like loves, I think," it is easy to believe that he found in the beautiful passage on Perfect Love in the *fac-simile* the embodiment of his own secret creed.

From several passages, particularly from Owen Feltham and Dr. Thomas Burnet's 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,' one conjectures that Fitzgerald had a haunting sense of Time's continual speed, of the slipping from our grasp of day after day, of the shortness and insecurity of life, brooding over which gives such a feeling of unrest, and comes at length to paralyse effort. It is this mood which finds utterance, so despairing in E. A. Poe's 'Dream Within a Dream,' so splendid in this passage ot De Quincey's which I copy from the Commonplace Book:—

"The English Country Dance was still in estimation at the Courts of Princes. Now of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be continuous, that is, not intermitting or fitful, but unfolding its fine magic with the equality of light in its diffusion through free space. And the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women flowing through the mazes of such an intricate dance under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls—the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the self-revolving both of the dance and of the music, never ending, still beginning, and the continual regeneration of order upon a system of motions which seem for ever to approach the brink of confusion; that such a spectacle with such circumstances may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human mind is open. The reason is in part, that such a scene presents a sort of masque of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sights and sounds, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of the other: whilst all the while the over-ruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject (as a German would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision."

On the next page is another passage from De Quincey, in which he speaks of the years in which he was a slave to opium:—

"Years through which a shadow as of sad Eclipse sate and rested on my faculties, years through which I was careless of all but those who but lived within *my* inner circle, within my heart of hearts. . . . as much abstracted from all which concerned the world outside as though I had lived with the darlings of my heart in the centre of Canadian forests, and all men else in the centre of Hindostan."

In the Letters (p. 54) Fitzgerald writes to Bernard Barton:—

"I found here a number of *Tait's Magazine* for August last" (1839), "containing a paper on Southey, Wordsworth, etc., by De Quincey. Incomplete and disproportioned like his other papers; but containing two noble passages, one on certain years of his own life when opium shut him out of the world, the other on Southey's style."

Three closely-written pages are filled with sentences from Owen Feltham, who seems to have been a favourite writer of Fitzgerald's. The following is perhaps the best:—

"Whatsoever is rare and passionate carries the soule to the thought of Eternitie. And by Contemplation, gives it some glimpse of more absolute perfection, than here 'tis capable of. When I see the Royaltie of a State-show, at some unwonted Solemnitie, my thoughts present me something more Royall than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can shew mee, I yet thinke there is something farre more glorious: methinkes I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing straines of a sweet-tuned Voice, married to the Warbles of the Artfull Instrument; I apprehend by this a higher Diapason; and doe almost believe I hear a little Deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after: I can neither finde, nor say, what it is."

He occasionally adds a brief remark, such as:—

"The Essay on Poverty is very fine, teaching deep consideration for the miseries and temptations of the poor."

This—

"He is twice an asse that is a Riming one. He is sometimes the less unwise, that is unwise but in Prose"—

he calls "very acute." (I fancy I hear each Young Author exclaim: '"Let the galled jade wince: *my* withers are unwrung!"')

The remaining sentences consist mostly of maxims, such as one might choose as a guide to conduct.

There are two quotations from Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophesying.' In the first, Taylor says that he has examined the reasoning of his book with all severity; yet, should he be found to be mistaken, that will be but evidence in his defence, and a further argument for the necessity of mutual toleration, if one so confident as he of the truth and justice of his case can have been deceived. The second is the passage which Hallam quotes as showing Taylor's fearless mode of grappling with his argument:—

"Since no churches believe themselves infallible, that only excepted which all other churches say is most of all deceived, it were strange if in so many articles which make up their several bodies of confessions, they had not mistaken in something or other."

Two more passages deal with religion. The first, from Rowland Hill, on Prayer, breathes a spirit of sweet and childlike trust in a Heavenly Father. The second, the last in the book, and the last I shall quote, seems, from Fitzgerald's care in noting the exact time of writing, to have been invested with special interest for him.

"Deeds without Words.

"'One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves. It will give us more comfort on our death-bed to reflect on one deed of self-denying mercy, purity, or humility, than to recollect the shedding of many tears, and the recurrence of frequent transports, and much spiritual exultation. These latter feelings come and go; they may, or may not, accompany hearty obedience; they are never tests of it; but good actions are the fruits of faith and assure us that we are Christ's; they comfort us as an evidence of the Spirit working in us' (Newman's 'Paroch. Serm.,' vol. i., 218). Geldestone, April 26, 1840. Sunday evening, ½ past 9 o'clock."

S. B.

## A TALK WITH DR. CONAN DOYLE.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

A GREAT big, breezy athlete, not in the least one's ideal *littérateur*, came forward to meet me as I entered Dr. Conan Doyle's little house in Norwood, wherein, having altogether given up his medical practice, he now devotes himself entirely to books and bookmaking. He told me he was looking forward with great joy to the cricket season. He talked of his travels, and how he had once spent seven months in the Arctic regions—"Never had such a jolly time in my life." He spoke of his experiences in Vienna, where he had lived a year in order that he might make a special study of the eye. We discussed mutual friends in Southsea, where he had practised as a doctor for eight years. We exchanged opinions on America and the Americans. He would fain establish a more friendly and familiar footing between the two countries. And then at last we got to his books. I asked him how on earth he had evolved, apparently out of his own inner consciousness, such an extraordinary person as his detective Sherlock Holmes, with which readers of the *Strand* are so familiar. "Oh! but," he cried, with a hearty, ringing laugh—and his is a laugh it does one good to hear—"Oh! But, if you please, he is not evolved out of any one's inner consciousness. Sherlock Holmes is the literary embodiment, if I may so express it, of my memory of a professor of medicine at Edinburgh University, who would sit in the patients' waiting-room with a face like a Red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, before even they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, he would give them details of their lives, and he would hardly ever make a mistake. 'Gentlemen,' he would say to us students standing around, 'I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other.' His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. 'Ah!' he would say to another man, 'you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was an N.C.O. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there.'

"So I got the idea for Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock is utterly inhuman, no heart, but with a beautifully logical intellect. I know nothing about detective work, but theoretically it has always had a great charm for me. The best detective in fiction is E. A. Poe's Mons. D.; then Mons. Le Cocq, Gaboriau's hero. The great defect in the detective of fiction is that he obtains results without any obvious reason. That is not fair, it is not art. I have written two little books about him. 'A Study in Scarlet,' the first thing I wrote, and 'Sign of Four.' I get many letters from all over the country about Sherlock Holmes. Sometimes from schoolboys, sometimes from commercial travellers who are great readers, sometimes from lawyers pointing out mistakes in my law. One letter actually contained a request for portraits of Sherlock at different periods of his life."

"This is very interesting, Dr. Doyle; but I suppose your heart is in your historical novels?"

"Yes, that is the only work I really fancy. The 'White Company' is the best thing I have ever done. I endeavoured in that to reconstruct the whole of the fourteenth century. Indeed, I had to do it. Scott always avoided it. I had nothing to go by in the way of previous fiction concerning that period. I read up no less than 150 books in preparation for that novel alone."

"Yours, then, is indeed the genius that comes of a capacity for taking infinite pains," I replied, in wondering admiration; and I bid my hearers think for a moment what such an appalling amount of study implies, what resolution, what energy, what valiant hopefulness!

"Well," said Dr. Doyle, very modestly, "I don't know that; you see, I was obliged to do it. I really wanted to get an idea of the century from every point of view—from the point of view of the soldier, of the monk, of the artisan. But it pays in the end. I really think I have succeeded in reconstructing the fourteenth century. Any one who in the future wants to write on it, will refer to 'The White Company' as a standard work on that special

period. I consider it was the most glorious epoch in English history. The English alone were never so strong as just then."

"But how did you reconstruct the language?"

"Well, of course, I am not archæologically correct; I now and again threw in a Chaucerian word to give, as it were, a general flavour of the age. And I endeavoured to use as pure Anglo-Saxon as possible in all my conversations."

"But with all that, Dr. Doyle, with all linguistic accuracy, and accuracy as to technical details and habits of life, I do not yet see how you could so completely throw yourself out of this century as to be able to reproduce the spirit of the fourteenth, its thought, its mode, its joys, its sorrows."

"Well, now," replied he, "read Chaucer, and you will always find there a certain broad Anglo-Saxon humour which for centuries has been the characteristic of Englishmen. Our present humour of exaggeration we get from America. In my book the humorous effects are mostly unconscious. The rapacity which Decimas the Saxon shows is always funny to us, but with him it was quite natural and unconscious. And so it was with moods of thought right through. 'Micah Clarke' I sent to six publishers, and quite despaired of ever placing it. One publisher said 'It only lacks interest.' Another said that long experience had taught him that the historical novel was never a financial success. This is absurd! Look at 'Lorna Doone,' and almost all of Scott's. As a rule, where historical novels fail is in the fact that there is too much history and too little novel. They want wakening up. Mr. Andrew Lang read 'Micah Clarke,' and liked it. One man criticised it as having no plot, but a plot in an historical novel is an insult. Who cares whether so-and-so married so-and-so or not? We must regard great national events, the great national life. The distance between them and us is very great. A vast chasm yawns between us. Who cares about Rowena's marriage? It is the tournament, the battles that live. It is a mistake to take away the reader's eyes from the grand panorama. Therefore I avoided any attempt at a plot deliberately from artistic motives."

"And how do you work up to individuals of the period?"

"I throw myself into the whole literature of the period. I have a note-book indexed 'Archer,' 'Knight,' 'Squire.' All lived again in my eye. I have just finished a book for Harper. I take a New Englander, a Puritan, as one type of the seventeenth century; and a New Yorker, the woodman, as another; and I precipitate these two into the court of Louis XIV., and mix them up in the European history of that time—very much as Scott threw Quentin Durward, the young Scotchman, into the French court. I have taken a lot of pains to make these two types exact studies. Then I shift the scene back to America. It will be something new in the way of an American historical novel. You see, it will be a story of the two continents. The woodman will use the phrases of the wood, and the New Englander is rather Biblical."

"Have you written much, Dr. Conan Doyle?"

"Yes; I took to writing at seventeen. I wrote a story for 'Chambers.' Had it been rejected, I should not have gone on. For ten years I wrote anonymously, producing in that time forty or fifty short stories. A few I have republished under the name of 'The Captain of the Polestar.' Lately I have turned myself towards stories of character instead of adventure."

"Are you fond of the present tendency to realism?"

"Well, we have hitherto neglected realism too much. These men who now go to the extreme do good by pushing the average farther out. For instance, that splendid story, 'The Wages of Sin,' could not have been written twenty years ago. Look at 'Tess,' again. So it is that the extreme men pave the way. That is their mission. Hitherto we have been too much under the spell of Puritanism in England. To return to my historical novels, I would say that a man, to write such books, must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately to work to reconstruct it. Then his is a splendid joy."

As he said these last words tea came in, and with it his wife and sister, and somehow or another the conversation turned to America, about which the novelist is evidently very enthusiastic.

"I take the greatest possible interest in all things American," said he. "There is, or ought to be, so little difference between them and us. And we must remember this: they are the coming Power. The centre of gravity of the whole race has shifted to the West, and I believe in time that every Saxon will be united under one form of government. Home Rule, with a centre of authority, and the Anglo-Saxon will swing the sword of justice over the whole world. We will not permit then the horrors of Siberia or the like. America and England, joined in their common Anglo-Saxonhood, with their common blood, will rule the world. We shall be united. And the sooner that day comes the better."

## A BOOKMAN'S RAMBLES.

### MR. GLADSTONE AS A BOOKBUYER.

*To the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—Happening to find myself in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, I was attracted by the sign of Mr. R. A. Everett in Hart Street. Mr. Everett is the bookseller from whom Mr. Gladstone lately made a somewhat extensive purchase, as recorded in the newspapers. He is only beginning business, but as a former assistant in Mudie's he is familiar with books and bookmen, and he was good enough to tell me something about Mr. Gladstone and his order.

The form of the order, reproduced here by Mr. Everett's kindness, is, as I know from other booksellers, invariable. There is a story that Mr. Gladstone once stipulated for the ten per cent. discount in dealing with a crusty old bookseller in the Strand. "Ten per cent. discount," said the bibliopole, "to booksellers, not to you." "I buy books," said Mr. Gladstone, "and I sell them when they have served my purpose; I ought to have the discount." The bookseller refused to admit that Mr. Gladstone was one of the trade, and no business was done.

The list of books which I append is not particularly striking:

'A Bibliographical Sketch of the Aldine Press at Venice,' by

Please to send the unsolicited book to 1 Carlton Gardens if subject to 10% to discount for Cash
Yours faithfully
W E Gladstone
Dec 19. 92

E. Goldsmid; Henry Alford's 'The Queen's English'; 'Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory,' by H. M. Robinson; 'An Answer to a Catholic Englishman' (so by himself intituled), by the Bishop of Lincoln, 1609; 'Dr. Burnet's Travels,' 1687; 'Carlyle, and the Open Secret of His Life,' by Henry Larkin; 'The Vikings of the Baltic; a Tale of the North in the Tenth Century,' by G. W. Dasent; 'Union of England and Ireland Proved to be Practicable,' by John Williams, 1787; 'Young Japan,' by J. R. Black; 'Napoleon's Last Voyage, from the Diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn'; Symonds' 'Essays, Speculative and Suggestive'; Thackeray's Novels.

But the interest which it excited when published in the *Daily Chronicle* was remarkable indeed. Mr. Everett had immediately a number of orders for almost every one of the books. Members of Parliament, especially Irish members, made a rush for 'Union of England and Ireland Proved to be Practicable.' Mr. Everett was unable to supply one of

the volumes, and asked the gentleman who had bought it if he would resell it. The reply was that the owner would have much pleasure in presenting the book to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Everett put up in his window the *Chronicle* paragraph and the order, and the result was not only a large access of business, but a crowd which extended to the kerb-stone.

Mr. Everett remembers serving Mr. Gladstone at Mudie's some five years ago. His visits were rare, and he appeared to dislike borrowing books. He is, however, a frequent visitor to the British Museum Library.

By the kind permission of the *Ex Libris* Society, I am able to reproduce Mr. Gladstone's bookplate, and to give an account of it from the Society's valuable journal. The number quoted from is that for January.

"With this number of the *Ex Libris Journal* we have the pleasure of presenting an impression of the book-plate of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., who has kindly granted permission for its publication. Our illustration is from a process block prepared by Messrs. A. and C. Dawson, of the Typographic Etching Company, and is taken direct from the original drawing lent for that purpose by the designer, Mr. T. Erat Harrison, of Chiswick (one of our members). This gentleman furnishes us with some brief particulars which will be of interest to our readers. It appears the Gladstone book-plate was a gift by Lord Northbourne in 1889, on the occasion of the celebration of their golden wedding by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and it bears the date 23rd July, 1839, and 23rd July, 1889. The date of the wedding was, we believe, July 14th, but there were many interesting engagements on the occasion, spread over several weeks, and Lord Northbourne's gift was doubtless dated on the actual day of presentation. However this may be, it matters little, as our readers will be more interested in the design of the plate than in the date or manner of its presentation. The kites and stones are a rebus on Gledstanes, the original form of the name (*gled* = kite), and it will be observed that the shield hangs on a holly bush, the reason for this being that the griffin of the crest issues from a wreath of holly leaves. The helmet is rather prominent, to show that Mr. Gladstone is still a commoner. As a symbolical plate the design is happy, and the artist has very cleverly blended the heraldic with the other portions of the work. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Gladstone for so readily sending his plate for circulation amongst our members, and to Mr. Harrison for the loan of his drawing and for the trouble he has taken in superintending its reproduction." Yours,

Claudius Clear.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 15th and April 15th, 1892:—

### London, West Central.

1. The Foresters. Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. Whymper's Great Andes. 21s. (Murray.)
3. Pickwick Papers. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. The White Company. A. C. Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
5. Life of Laurence Oliphant. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
6. Grammar of Science. Karl Pearson. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott.)

### Manchester.

1. Whymper's Travels amongst the Great Andes.
2. Andrew Lang's Works. 2s. 6d.
3. Black's Novels. Cheap edition. 2s. 6d.
4. Axon's Bygone Lancashire. 6s.
5. Silver Library.
6. Lecky's England. Cheap edition.

### Liverpool.

1. The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
2. Whymper's Travels in the Andes. 21s. net. (Murray.)
3. Pickwick Papers. New edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

4. Gerard. By Miss Braddon. 2s. and 2s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)
5. The Foresters. By Lord Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
6. In Silk Attire. By W. Black. New re-issue. 2s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)

EDINBURGH.

1. The Book of Ezekiel. By the Rev. A. B. Davidson, D.D. 5s. (Camb. Univ. Press.)
2. The Foresters. By Lord Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
4. Across the Plains. By R. Louis Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
5. The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
6. Village Sermons. By the late Dean Church. 6s. (Macmillan.)

GLASGOW.

1. Dr. Davidson's Ezekiel. (Cambridge Press.)
2. Samuel Rutherford's Letters. New edition. Edited by Dr. A. Bonar. (Oliphant.)
3. My Visit to Palestine. By Rev. Alexander Andrews.
4. The Cradle of Christianity. By Rev. D. M. Ross. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
5. C. H. Spurgeon: His Life and Ministry. By Jesse Page. (Partridge.)
6. Black's Novels. New edition. (Low.)

It is wonderful how the penny books have become so popular. I may be wrong, but I think the time or day will come when leading books, scientific, as well as travels, biography and anecdotes, will be sold for *one penny*. We are often asked for penny editions. We get full price for single copies.

DUBLIN.

1. Fitzpatrick's Secret Service under Pitt.
2. Whymper's Andes.
3. Driver's Introduction to Old Testament.
4. Clifford Lloyd's Ireland under the Land League.
5. Orpen's Song of Dermot and the Earl.
6. Conan Doyle's The White Company.

BRADFORD.

1. Pickwick Papers. New edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. The Foresters. Tennyson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Fifty Years Ago. Besant. New edition. 5s. (Chatto and Windus.)
4. Travels amongst the Great Andes. Whymper. 21s. net. (Murray.)
5. Quo Musa Tendis. J. K. S. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Bowes.)
6. The Nature of Gothic. Ruskin. 30s. net. (Printed by Wm. Morris.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Gore's Bampton Lectures. 7s. 6d.
2. Driver's Literature of the Old Testament. 12s.
3. Tennyson's Drama, The Foresters. 6s.
4. Pickwick Papers. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Shakspeare (various editions).
6. Grant's (L. M.) Protomantis and other Poems. 6s.
7. Alexander's (Bishop of Derry) Leading Ideas of the Gospel. 6s.
8. The Book of Ezekiel. By Dr. A. B. Davidson. 5s. (Cambridge Bible for Schools.)

BURNLEY.

1. Dickens' Pickwick Papers. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. Modern Science Series. 2s. 6d. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
3. Tennyson's The Foresters, etc. 6s. (Macmillan.)
4. Pauperism and Old Age. By Chas. Booth. 6d. (Macmillan.)
5. Elements of Agriculture. By Fream. 2s. 6d. (John Murray.)
6. Spurgeon's Life. By Shindler. 2s. 6d. (Passmore and Alabaster.)
7. Selections from Browning. 1s. and 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
8. Preachers of the Age. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low and Co.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers.

## THE CASUISTRY OF JOURNALISM.

MOST of those who have read for the final classical schools at Oxford have a vivid recollection of one or two questions which had to be wrestled and answered or stifled at the beginning of their career. Among these were the great questions whether being is the same as becoming; whether, and in what sense, a dog can count; and whether a nation has a conscience. The present writer can remember many a discussion on the last of this trio in the study of a certain college dignitary, during that solemn hour when six undergraduates read themes on the nature of the universe, and the foundations of their being, to a running comment of short snubs. Unfortunately he has forgotten the answer to the question, but he seems to remember a pleasant divergence of opinion on the meaning of the word nation, and still more of the word conscience. The lapse of years had made this stimulating old controversy fade into a very dim and distant past, until a question written on a postcard by one of the six, who has become a parson, to another of the six who was a journalist, gave it "a sudden actuality," as we say in our profession. The question was merely—Has a newspaper a conscience?

The natural instinct of a man who is asked a question of this kind is to beg his interrogator to "ask another." But, on the whole, the question is not so very unreasonable. Newspapers undoubtedly have characters, just as they have varying dispositions and all sorts of manners, or no manners. And they always talk about their principles. But it is no use having principles unless you have a conscience to back them up, and, as a matter of fact, the English newspaper is generally very proud of its conscience. It will beat its breast, turn its eyes heavenwards, and call all men to witness the great superiority of its moral sense over that of its neighbours, in a style which might have been the despair of Mr. Pecksniff. There is no such frenzy of self-righteousness as when the great and upright organs of British opinion gather round some fallen organ, and lament its prostration. "We," they always tell us, "have suffered severely from the temptation to which our brother has succumbed. We, too, could have filled our coffers by appealing to the baser instincts of the reading public, or by publishing that piece of information whose premature disclosure has thwarted the ends of justice." "But no journal of repute," they always add, "will so far forget what is due to itself and to the public as to sacrifice its principles to the chance of a fleeting notoriety." On these occasions, at all events, there is no doubt about the conscience, and certainly no modest concealment of its virtue.

The cynic may laugh and say that these are only the airs of certain pompous gentlemen who sit in editorial chairs. Here he would be quite wrong. The newspaper is more and less than the members of its staff, and its conscience is quite distinguishable from theirs. Consciously, or unconsciously, every journalist is apt to idealise his journal, and to regard it as a separate being, with instinct, character, temper, and tradition, differing wholly from his own or even his editor's. It is a kind of deity or oracle of which he is the modest interpreter. It may be Jove the thunderer, or it may be a sort of great middle-class British matron who chides and humours her children, and protects them tenderly from shocks to the senses or excess of thought. It may be a kind of Jewish prophet, with a declamatory mission against

easy-going folk. But a journalist who is in the service of Jove would feel at once the absurdity of putting into the mouth of his deity the kind of expressions which would be edifying and appropriate when coming from the British matron or the Jewish prophet, and the servant of the British matron or the Jewish prophet is equally sensitive about compromising the character of his chosen oracles.

Now, those who would understand the journalistic conscience, and the casuistry of it, must realise what this attitude means. The confirmed journalist rarely has any of those wrestlings with his conscience which an ignorant public sometimes imagines to be going on behind the scenes. He must either dissociate himself from his oracle altogether, or fall into line with it unreservedly. Once in, he is committed. It is the first step that costs, and that, unfortunately, is sometimes taken from necessity and not from choice. A man cannot say to himself, "Go to, I will join the staff of the *Standard*, or the *Times*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*"; he must wait until he is asked, and it is not every journalist who is able to regard an offer from an impartially conscientious point of view. But the apprenticeship which a man has to serve before obtaining an offer of this kind is of itself a considerable guarantee that there will be no great violence done to the conscience in accepting it. For his own peace and comfort, if for no other reason, an editor prefers a man whose general bent and tendency is in accord with the bent and tendency of the paper, and few men can permanently conceal their qualities until the time when they become eligible for the staff-appointments of the chief papers. Moreover, there is the great and saving fact that a man writes best when he writes what he believes, and commercial as well as moral reasons favour the choice of the best writers. But joining the staff of a paper is very much like taking orders in a church. From that point forward the conscience of a writer is more or less in the keeping of his journal, just as the conscience of the minister is more or less in the keeping of his communion. The conflict between discipline and private opinion is not greater in the one case than in the other. When a new problem arises in science or in history, the clergyman in nine cases out of ten adjusts himself to the attitude towards it which he conceives to be the attitude of his church. In precisely the same spirit the journalist is apt to consider, when a new question looms on the horizon in politics, not what he would think about it as a private man of uncommitted judgment, but what line his newspaper, with its traditions and politics, is likely to take respecting it, and consciously or unconsciously to adjust himself to that. In both professions alike there is the tenth case—the clergyman who unfrocks himself, the journalist who breaks loose and resigns—but in the ordinary nine cases the course of conscience runs smoothly in both, and journalist and parson alike find themselves sincerely and honestly in accord with the institutions of which they are respectively members. A dissector of motives might insist that private judgment is subjected in both, but in neither is there any conscious conflict between conduct and principles—only the "something not ourselves," which makes for a particular conclusion.

It is easy to carp at this apparent subjection of reason, but it has its good side. It makes the English newspaper what it professes to be—an organ of public opinion. The anonymous "we," which some think to be gratuitous pomposity, has, in consequence, a real meaning. The journal is an institution with a tradition, and a consistency which is something different from the private opinion of any member of its staff, and the writer who uses the "we" does more than veil his anonymity. It is the livery which he wears in the service of his oracle. The new journalist is fond of breaking the ring, and displaying the thunder of his contemporary as the work of the humble Mr. Smith or the insignificant Mr. Jones. But this is not fair to Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, and it does not represent the facts. It would be almost as reasonable to hold the village curate personally responsible for the Athanasian Creed.

But the oracles, it must be admitted, are sometimes curiously forgetful of their own traditions. There is that tendency to a compromise between the editor's and the manager's departments which leads to editorial dumbness on subjects which are delicate from a business point of view. There is that divorce of principles between the news columns and the leader columns which produces such oddly Pharisaical results. Who has not wondered to see the British Matron come out with eight columns of her inside sheets filled with the most piquant of current divorce cases, all the while scolding on her leader-page at the morbid curiosity of the modern public? And do we not habitually see the Jewish prophet diluting his denunciations of the gambling craze with two columns of the latest tips and "all the winners." Here, we must humbly confess, the casuist breaks down. Nor is his task much easier when he comes to the great company of those who will write any news for any journal, and change sides, if need be, at a moment's notice. Their usual defence is that they are merely the secretaries or delegates of their editors, and that in presenting a case they are only doing what every barrister habitually does. But there is no deception in the barrister's case; it is perfectly well understood that he never pledges his honour or expresses his personal opinion. We are not sure that the public which reads the newspapers to which these people contribute are equally enlightened as to the rules of the game, or that, if enlightened, their opinion of journalism would rise. But the long and short of it is usually this and no more—that bread must be earned somehow, and that a man who confines himself to the journals of one side loses half his opportunities of earning an honest shilling. Still the fact remains that the best men don't do it, and that no man can do it with comfort to himself, unless he is by nature a Laodicean. Having said so much, we must leave judgment to others who know what the way of the world is in the counting-house and in the hundred and one places where men compete for bread or wealth.

## NEW BOOKS.

### THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

This work is a revised and enlarged edition of Prof. Middleton's 'Ancient Rome in 1885,' which afterwards was issued, with a few pages tacked on at the end, under the rather misleading title of 'Ancient Rome in 1888.' We heartily welcome a genuine revision of that book, which, in spite of some faults and failings, was far superior to any other in helping

* 'The Remains of Ancient Rome.' By Professor J. H. Middleton. Two vols. Four coloured plates and 102 illustrations. (London and Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1892.)

the reader to picture to himself Rome as it was, and to understand architecturally the actual remains. The work, though enlarged and corrected, retains essentially the same character, and is arranged in almost the same way. Its peculiar excellence consists in its treatment of a subject which was hardly intelligible to the ordinary scholar until Prof. Middleton's original work appeared, viz., in the description of the materials employed in old Rome, of the methods of using them, and of the resulting buildings. This is done with such clearness and power as to lend extraordinary fascination to a difficult subject. The reader assists in imagination at the construction of each building and seems to see it grow before his eyes. The present writer remembers vividly what a revelation the first reading of Prof. Middleton's original work was to him: the opening chapter at once explained numerous difficulties and cleared away many misconceptions that remained after five months of observation in Rome, followed by years of experience of Greek buildings. The book in its revised form treats at much greater length the materials, construction, and decoration of Roman buildings. Here I cannot venture to speak as a critic, but only as a pupil and admirer, grateful for much which I learned from the first edition, and which I should hardly have learned from any other book. I should, however, be glad to be definitely assured that Prof. Middleton is accurate in stating that both the hard grey *lapis Gabinus* and the softer *lapis Albanus* (it is called greenish, vol. ii., p. 8, and dark brown, vol. i., p. 6) are now known under the name of peperino, and that sperone was never used by the ancients. He is evidently correcting tacitly other authorities, who say that the Gabine stone is now called sperone and the Alban peperino.

The other prominent characteristics of the original work still remain in the revised version. As a study of topography it is not the greatest nor the most useful work on the subject. It gives the opinions of a competent observer, and as a rule these may be safely followed, partly from the much greater amount of evidence that has accumulated, partly from the good judgment of the author, who for example does not even refer to O. Richter's view (very unfortunate as it seems to us) about Medius Janus. But in doubtful or difficult cases the arguments that support the view which is adopted are sometimes insufficiently stated, sometimes not at all; and occasionally divergent views might be treated more fairly. We should have been glad to see some notice taken of Lanciani's express assertion that "the Forum is represented in every existing plan as a trapezium, whereas it is a perfect parallelogram." The trapezium reappears in the new plan, and no answer is made to this dictum of the highest authority on the subject. Again, though Lanciani's article on the Cloaca Maxima is quoted, no reference is made to the much more elaborate plans by the Italian engineer Narducci, published in the *Antike Denkmäler*, 1889, by O. Richter, with the inference resulting from Narducci's careful exploration that all original parts of the Cloaca are built of *lapis Gabinus*. If this statement is true, it is by far the most important point in construction; and if Prof. Middleton considers it false, he should have distinctly stated his opinion. But he gives no hint what parts, if any, of the Cloaca Maxima he considers to retain the original form. We are struck with the absence of reference to O. Richter's numerous writings on Roman topography; in particular his restoration of the Rostra is not alluded to, though a new plate is introduced giving a view of the front, partly agreeing with, partly differing from Richter.

Conformably with the title, little attention is devoted to the history of the growth of the city; and the little that is said is so opposed to the ruling modern views, that it rather detracts from the value of the work. Prof. Middleton is quite justified in entertaining "heretical" views on a subject of which he is a master; but it is unfortunate that they should be briefly and dogmatically stated with the same confidence as universally accepted facts. We are glad to see that the Etruscan city on the Esquiline, older far than Rome, has disappeared from the new work; but inferences which we feel obliged to consider rash are still drawn from the remains found in the early graves there.

The book in its new form is not merely enlarged, it is to a certain extent re-written. It would have been better had the re-writing been even more complete; for a number of slight contradictions, or at least divergencies in tone and matter, between adjacent paragraphs will puzzle the careful reader, till he finds out that in such cases one paragraph usually belongs to the first edition and the other is new. For example, we read in an old paragraph, vol. i., p. 143 that tufa is "used for the barrel-vault of the Cloaca (Maxima) everywhere except at its exit"; but in the following paragraphs, which give the result of recent investigations, it is stated that the Cloaca is, in the part which is minutely described, "built of massive blocks of peperino (*lapis Gabinus*)," and immediately after we learn that "along part of its course the stone vault has been replaced in Imperial times with one of concrete." The faults of detail, which even such an admirer as the present reviewer had to regret in the original work, have been corrected in part, but by no means completely. In such cases the author is apt to pass over little slips, but surely some of his Cambridge friends could have placed at his disposal an annotated copy of his original work. The letters cut on stones of the Agger are still attributed to the regal period, though some of the forms are obviously much later. The explanation of inscriptions is not always correct. Septimontium is still used in the modern sense of the seven hills of the Servian city, though a note is added that the word has also another sense. Few will now approve of the phrase, "the Greek Tarquinius Priscus," though forty years ago it would not have been much objected to. Many little details of this kind interfere seriously with the happiness and enjoyment of the reader, though they are not calculated to do him much harm. But we must protest against the brief biographies of "the chief classical writers," vol. i., p. xvii. It was painful to read in the first form, "Valerius Catullus, poet, 87-47 B.C. Wrote odes, of which 116 exist." The errors here are pretty numerous; but the new edition adds one more by the correction, "Valerius (*or* Quintus) Catullus." This is as if a French writer mentioned in his list of authorities "Savage Landor," and in his revised edition corrected it to "Savage (*or* Walter) Landor." Doubtless Professor Middleton intended to say "Gaius *or* Quintus;" and missed the fault in revising the proof-sheets. This biography is perhaps the worst, but others come near it; and they are as a whole so unnecessary.

But enough of fault-finding with a book which is a really great work, so great that we may hope soon to find the blemishes eliminated from another edition.

W. M. RAMSAY.

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## THE FORESTERS.*

The keynote to this play is given by the first song:

*The warrior earl of Allendale*
*He loved the Lady Anne,*
*The lady loved the master well,*
*The maid she loved the man.*

There are plenty of delicate unreal distresses for both; the lady might have had to marry against her inclinations to save her father's estate from being forfeited for a debt contracted to ransom her brother, but luckily she has made a vow not to be married till King Richard in person can give her away; the maid excites the jealousy of her staid and pedantic lover (who we feel sure was very glad to retire from Sherwood, and lived to be as respectable as Malvolio) by embracing her mistress, when she had disguised herself as her brother to soothe Sir Richard, who between anxiety for his son and his land is in a state of chronic distraction, like Isaac of York, who is divided between his ducats and his daughter. Little John does penance for his jealousy like Geraint. The maid makes a vow to have nothing more to say to him till he has seen her kiss a real man; at last he is quite delighted to see her kiss Robin Hood and congratulate him on his formal betrothal to Maid Marian.

All Robin Hood's principal adventures, except his trials of strength with his recruits, are fitted ingeniously into a framework about John's rebellion on the lines of 'Ivanhoe.' This, perhaps, is the weak part of the book. The scene where the Earl of Huntingdon is attainted and outlawed,

* 'The Foresters, Robin Hood and Maid Marian.' (London: Macmillan and Co.)

apparently by simple proclamation, is about as tame as it is incredible. The picture of his life in the woods as the ruler of a sort of fairy kingdom, that promises less than the Table Round and performs perhaps for the time as much, is interesting; the outlaw chivalry of which Robin is sovereign is truer to its vows than the feudal chivalry that owes allegiance to Richard. Maid Marian is perhaps rather a half-hearted conception; we never know whether she is meant for a sister of Rosalind or of the shieldmays of Norse tradition; she draws her bow on three friars, but she draws it too on Prince John when he comes with his "mercenaries" (of whom we hear a little too much) to put down the outlaws of Sherwood. The climax is rather in Scott's later manner, where several of the characters are left for execution and receive a contemptuous pardon; in this case the chief victims are the sheriff and abbot, who try to cheat Robin of Maid Marian and Sir Richard Lea of his land. After a scene which must have been written in view of the American stage, where as a punishment for a piece of pettifogging they and the justiciary who is their accomplice are taught to dance by being pricked with arrows, they are put in fetters after the flight of John by the order of Richard, and released "for the moment" as a boon to Maid Marian, in order that they may sit down with the king to a picnic dinner on his own venison. Of course Walter, Marian's brother, sits down with the rest, and brings back his ransom, which was not needed.

The style is for the most part simple, and the only Shakespearian echoes come in in the shape of plays upon words; here is a specimen:

*King Richard.*—

Art thou that banished Lord of Huntingdon,
The chief of those outlaws who break the law?

*Robin.*—

I am the yeoman, plain Robin Hood, and, being out of the law, how should we break the law? If we broke into it again, we should break the law, and then we were no longer outlaws.

Here is something more poetical:

*Marian* (rising to meet Robin).—

Robin, the sweet light of a mother's eye,
That beam of dawn upon the opening flower,
Has never glanced upon me when a child.
He was my father, mother, both in one.
The love that children owe to both, I give
To him alone (*Robin offers to caress her*).
Quiet, good Robin, quiet,
You lovers are such clumsy summer flies,
For ever buzzing at your lady's face.

*Robin.*—

Bees, rather, flying to the flower for honey.

*Marian sings.*—

*The bee buzzed up in the heat,*
*"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."*
*The flower said, "Take it, my dear,*
*For now is the spring of the year,*
*So come, come."*
*"Hum."*
*And the bee buzzed down from the heat.*

*And the bee buzzed up in the cold,*
*When the flower was withered and old;*
*"Have you still any honey, my dear?"*
*She said, "It's the fall of the year,*
*But come, come."*
*"Hum."*
*And the bee buzzed off in the cold.*

*Robin.*—

Out on thy song.

*Marian.*—

Did I not sing it in tune?

*Robin.*—

No, sweetheart, out of tune with love and me.

*Marian.*—

And yet in tune with nature and the bees.

*Robin.*—

Out on it, I say, as out of tune and time.

*Marian.*—

Till thou thyself shalt come to sing it in time.

All the other songs, except, perhaps, those of the fairies who appear in a dream to Robin before leaving Sherwood, are on the same high level. Few things last here; and pure melody lasts longer than almost anything else. The woods are haunted first by fairies, and then by outlaws, and even the outlaws come to be missed; the tales about them that were told in earnest pass first into grim jests, and then into gracious pageants which will be remembered for the songs that they enshrine.

G. A. SIMCOX.

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## MADAME DE STAEL.*

The series to which this book belongs—'Les Grands Ecrivains Français'—"in coming to England," says M. Jusserand in his preface, "comes back, so to say, to the country of its birth." This means that the success that attended the "English Men of Letters" suggested the first idea of the undertaking. M. Jusserand introduces the series in a genial fashion, and with his characteristic rhetoric, wherein he occasionally, from over-familiarity rather than the reverse, treats our language in a somewhat cavalier style. Might one suggest that if the preface be repeated in the succeeding volumes, he should find some less painful picture to represent the close connection that has always existed between the literatures of France and England than "they have been seen to walk hand in hand while aiming at quite different goals"?

M. Sorel's study of Madame Staël is admirably planned. There is just enough biographical and critical detail to give point and base to his generalizations. Yet there is no overloading of facts as to her personal history or the history of the France of her day, exhaustiveness being entirely apart from the purpose of a series designed for leisure hours rather than plodding study. His subject has been already very abundantly considered. But perhaps no figure in modern literature was more in need of a still closer critical examination and final summing up. And here we find what we can accept as such, for the predominant note in the book is justice. The conclusions are probably those Sainte-Beuve would have reached had not Madame de Staël been the adored goddess of his romantic youth; and, indeed, Sainte-Beuve's ecstatic admiration is amply justified, if hardly reflected, by M. Sorel, who leans always to sympathy with her, even when he is least appreciative. He does not present to us at all the capricious and domineering, if generous, woman who figures for a moment in Balzac's 'Louis Lambert,' and from the ridicule that surrounded her in the minds of some scoffing onlookers when she was trying her grand experiment of government by *salon*—turban on head and leafy branch for a sceptre in her hand—he has culled only some picturesque details, that render her person, her gestures, her points of view clearer to us who are so far removed from her world. If he smiles once or twice, all the rest is homage, but homage of a keenly discriminating kind.

She is no longer a great power in literature. Her *longueurs*, her high-flown rhetoric, were almost out of date before her death. Yet for all that her place in literary history is of singular importance, connecting as she did the France of the *ancien régime* directly with the Romantic movement. M. Sorel is right when he declares that her spirit was the inspirer of Lamartine, that the heroine of 'Jocelyn' is a daughter of 'Delphine,' and right in repeating so emphatically that it was Madame de Staël who gave the chief impulse to the new movement in opening up to France the romance and mysticism of Germany. In her own day her chief glory and misfortunes came to her through her *salon*. She never recovered from her surprise that her country could not be governed by the wisdom of her serious-minded, enlightened, and benevolent coterie. Conversation was an indispensable vent to her enormous fund of vitality, and it fed, too, that vitality which she could not suffer to be at a low ebb. It was a test of the constant flow of her genius, and an excitement that blinded her strangely. What could not be expressed with a good vocabulary amongst sympathetic spirits did not exist for her at all. In Weimar and Berlin she dazzled and fatigued the sober Germans. In Eng-

* 'Madame de Staël.' By Albert Sorel. The Great French Writers Series. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 3s. 6d.

land, in spite of her flattery of our national institutions, she increased rather than diminished the national stiffness by that flow of talk which frightened Napoleon unduly. The Emperor seemed to be always suspecting her of plots and intrigues. Madame de Staël was singularly unfitted for intrigue, but her power as a disseminator of political principles alien to his own was undoubted, and in view of the admiring, receptive, and miscellaneous circle round her, he was perhaps not unwise in banishing her to forty leagues from Paris.

Now that her tongue has been so long silent, the fame of the woman of whom Madame de Tessé said, "If I were queen I would command Madame de Staël to talk to me for ever," who said of herself she would sooner travel five hundred leagues to talk with a clever man she did not know than open her window for a first view of the Bay of Naples, has not passed away. 'Corinne' and 'Delphine' are as good as dead, but in the 'Considerations' and the 'Germany,' by the largeness of her views, the rectitude of her political principles, the balance of her judgment, she takes rank amongst historians of the first order. Guizot was her pupil. His researches only strengthened the inspiration he had gained from her. Idealist by nature, and doctrinaire by habit of mind, many of the actual sordid and homely facts of life escaped her, but if her horizon had its limits, within these she renders her account with surpassing eloquence and faithfulness. She is the historian of that Revolutionary France, which was equally removed from the Terror and from modern democracy, of the honesty, the belief in humanity, the romantic spirit that broke from the old moorings and never quite reached its port. Her political morality and philosophy were rejected by her contemporaries as unfitted for practice; much of it is full of truth and force to-day.

Such is the result of M. Sorel's survey of a great personality, a great genius that tossed its owner to and fro all her restless stormy life. The accuracy of the English translation augurs well for the care which is being bestowed on the series. G-Y.

## A CHAPLET FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

Dr. Garnett's versions of some epigrams from that storehouse of grace, pathos, and wit, the Greek Anthology, are not now offered for the first time to the judgment of scholars and critics. They have been already published in a volume containing "Idylls and Epigrams," the former of which now appear in a separate volume. It is therefore needful to say the less in welcoming them in their present dainty form. Dr. Garnett has had many rivals in his task of reproducing in an English dress these gems of Greek thought and expression, but he holds his own among them all, and not uncommonly he has achieved something more like success than any of them. One thing, however, is simply marvellous in a scholar of such taste and judgment. The hundred and sixty-seven epigrams that are included in this volume are by no means all culled from the Greek Anthology, as the title would indicate. Four or five are by Martial, and not less than thirty-one by R. Garnett. Now these last are by no means devoid of merit, but it is putting them to too severe a test to disperse them throughout the flawless jewels of Greece. Too often, as we turn the pages, we are brought up sharp by what gives something like the shock of the raw touch of a restorer of an early Italian master.

ὄξος τ' ἄλειφά τ' ἐγχέας ταὐτῷ κύτει
ι χοστατοῦντ' ἂν οὐ φίλως προσεννέποις.

Take an example:

"With awe, great Jove, I recognise
Resemblance in our destinies;
For Love, that all things can seduce,
Made thee a swan, and me a goose."

Or another—

"'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute,
That Love, being naked, should promote a suite (*sic*):
But doth not oddity to him attach,
Whose fire's so oft extinguished by a match?"

That is neat, past question; but does it need "R. G." to tell us that neither of these is Greek? Anecdotes of Tom Paine and of "the late Emperor of Austria," and thoughts from Schopenhauer or the Talmud, come in strangely, not to say jarringly, in such a "Chaplet." Nor can we be well content to find epigrams produced by a process of "contamination," as when Plato's verses on the dedication of the mirror of Lais are "improved" by the introduction of a point from another epigram by Julianus; though here Dr. Garnett only treads in the steps of Voltaire. So good a scholar might have spared us the barbarism of "Lucillius" and the dubious "Heracletus." The notes are tantalising, for they deal in part with questions of reading, but rarely give any references by which the original text can be discovered; and the Greek is sometimes printed in fearful and wonderful forms—*e.g.*, the couplet from Philodemus quoted on xli. It is the penalty necessarily attaching to a booklet so charming as this is in its form and in so much of its substance, that it is examined with a critical eye; and it is so good that it ought to have been better. No one, however, is likely to come to this book for a knowledge of what the Greek Anthology was. The English reader will turn rather to Lord Neaves's delightful little volume, if he fears to attack Mr. Mackail's scholarly selection; and Dr. Garnett deserves our thanks for adding no inconsiderable number of happy renderings, as contributions to that standard collection which cannot be produced by one man or in one generation. A. S. WILKINS.

* 'A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology.' By Richard Garnett. Cameo Series. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.) 3s. 6d.

## ACROSS THE PLAINS.*

The magazine articles which Mr. Colvin has arranged in this volume are of somewhat unequal interest. The first two, which takes us to California by the Pacific Railway, recall, but by no means rival, that striking book, 'The Western Avernus.' A paper on the artist-haunts at Fontainbleau, and another on a regrettable incident of travel are pleasant but hardly remarkable. Among the "Random Memories" occur some telling passages, notably the author's experiences as a diver. The remaining essays are in Mr. Stevenson's old manner. "Pulvis et Umbra" is the most important, as presenting the author's philosophy in a new light. He seems to fall back upon a kind of Theodicea without God, a Pan-ethic fantasy. All animals, nay all organic life, he presents as hopelessly, fanatically, and suicidally following its several ideas. Man, therefore, in his aspirations after the Impossible and the Infinite is only obedient to a cosmic law. Whence we may at least provisionally rest on the hypothesis of a Moral Something, which in fact is no uncommon estimate of Deity. Science will hardly support Mr. Stevenson's data, but the view is worth presenting, and is worked out with more than his usual persuasiveness. The first pages have an almost Titanic force and gloom. Among several curious paradoxes in the book may be noticed the strange eulogy of American topographical names (page 11), and the remarks on the elevated morality of misers (page 217). Passages of rare beauty of course abound, and though the volume adds nothing to the author's reputation, it detracts nothing therefrom.

## MR. EGERTON CASTLE'S LA BELLA.†

Mr. Egerton Castle's short stories are anything but commonplace. They are, to begin with, stories that would be interesting in whatever fashion they might be told; they are independent of literary art or artifices. They deal with the pomp, the glow, and the circumstance of life—materials which have been abandoned at present for "main travelled roads." We are taken at once to Tuscany, to a set of rooms "at the top of a once magnificent, now weirdly dilapidated palace in the heart of the town," and introduced to "Eltore and Carlo dei Lugani, counts of a most ancient patent, with a prodigious pedigree said to be quite unimpeachable . . .

* 'Across the Plains.' By R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus.)

† 'La Bella and Others.' Being certain stories re-collected by Egerton Castle. (Cassell and Co., Limited.)

and now renowned masters of fence in the same old historic city that had known the splendour of their predecessors." This is good news for those who are somewhat weary of poor, conscience-stricken New England; but the counts recall two of Miss Wilkins' characters by possessing only one coat between them.

The best stories are perhaps 'La Bella' and 'The Baron's Quarry'—the latter in particular is a daring and triumphant effort. Equally daring is the 'Son of Chaos,' the most ambitious and least successful story in the book. It is not easy to tread the path of a single hair. Mr. Egerton Castle has not yet seriously studied style. When he does he may do great things, for some of his sentences are perfect in their effortless felicity. On the other hand, some are awkward and many undistinguished. Yet Mr. Egerton Castle is always attractive, even when most prosaic and most extravagant. Why, the reader of his dedication will at once understand. So far, this is one of the most notable books of the year, and its promise is even greater than its performance.

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## RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.*

By republishing his *Fortnightly* articles the writer has thrown down another challenge, but Russians will not be very ready to take it up. Most of those who, by contact with Western civilization or otherwise, have grown sensitive to such criticism, own the truth of it in sadness. We have, it is true, one interpreter of Russian life, an apologist for everything Russian, very frequently in the midst of us. From her we may get high-flown Pan-Slav fervour and indignation, but little documentary evidence to rebut the accusations that are here. Besides, her defence of acknowledged and proven wrong-doing has laid her impartiality under suspicion. Meanwhile the government Lanin has attacked would seem to have in part corroborated him by removing some of the abuses he has exposed.

In the reprint of the articles the story of the famine has been brought up to January of this year, and some revision has taken place throughout, with the view of strengthening rather than correcting the original statements. The book bears traces of its journalistic origin. There is a good deal of needless repetition, and the tone of almost flippancy, calculated to arrest the attention of a cursory reader turning over the pages of a review, is occasionally out of place and jarring. But the writer knows how to deal with facts, how to marshal them and make them effective. There are fewer burning words of indignation than might have been expected, but it would seem as if Lanin were impressed with the idea that, in spite of one or two incidents in their history, the English people are slow to be moved by any sentimental motives, or, indeed, by any that are unmixed with self-interest. He is, therefore, careful to make the folly of Russian administration, the ludicrous results of the present state of things, the leading notes in this book designed for the enlightenment of practical Englishmen. There is little evidence from private individuals. The mysterious Nihilist, the interesting political convict, are not the informants. The method chosen has been to quote from official and from newspaper reports, and amongst these latter the reactionary journals have decidedly the preference. And from this we draw two inferences. First, Russian bluebooks must be mines of sensational reading—the Government is doubtless torn two ways between putting a prohibitive price on them and mending its finances by their sale, which would be ready. And, secondly, the press of Russia must have a large measure of freedom. What can be the suppressed matter, we conjecture, since these facts are passed by the censor.

Lanin's indictment is not confined to the court or the ministers. It is very comprehensive. If the Government is bent on the demoralisation of the people so that they may be the more readily exploited, and if it carries on the process by the direct encouragement of drunkenness, by hindering education, and by obliterating the image of justice, the people, on the other hand, are accessories to their own demoralisation. They give way with good will to the drunkenness, and they are criminally servile. Languor and indifference are everywhere save in the bureau of the Finance Minister. Society rests on no basis of straightforward dealing or of the ordinary conceptions of morality, and, consistently, high character is not by any means a necessary qualification for offices of public trust. Instances of the almost universal dishonesty simply teem. Here is a curious one, which, however, should be prefaced by the warning that plagiarism in an ocean of iniquity must be treated as a "mere peccadillo." "In Russia whatever is plagiarised is rarely transformed, being usually offered with its merits and blemishes just as it stands, for whatever it will fetch in the market. Three years ago Dr. von Cyon, late Professor of Physiology in the Medico-Chirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg and a friend of the late M. Katkoff" [he is also one of the ablest apologists for the Russia of to-day] "published in Berlin a complete edition of his works, among which is to be found an interesting research on the influence of temperature upon certain tissues of the heart, written not by him, but by a M. Tarkhanoff." A mild protest from the author followed—nothing more. Dr. von Cyon still enjoys a high reputation. "The history of Russian literature is a martyrology," says Lanin. And in view of the facts set down here the only thing to be wondered at is that anything is written at all, seeing that "the fate and physiognomy of everything a man writes is absolutely dependent on men who are no better fitted to sit in judgment upon works of literature and art than is a man born blind to lecture upon perspective." But works are written, and if they bring trouble on the writer he will very likely turn round and bless the Tsar, after the fashion of Dostoieffsky. The hardships of a small literary class are, of course, a mere drop in the ocean, but they are very significant of the general stupidity of the administration.

The chapters on Finland and on Armenia are not only of special interest, but they afford, though not very exhilarating reading, some relief from the pictures of hideous folly and wrong throughout the rest of the book. Nobody is bound to accept them all. For their comfort most people will rather choose to deny the statements of this vivacious, irresponsible writer. But a serious denial would be a formidable undertaking. So many official reports must have lied if this English observer has been misled.

* 'Russian Characteristics.' By E. B. Lanin. (Chapman and Hall.) 14s.

## THE LITERARY LIFE: ESSAYS AND A STORY.*

Mr. Crawford's readers have visited many climes in his company, and sojourned with him amongst people whose interests have been widely different. Indeed it would seem as if his way of jotting down impressions of a new country, or the results of his curiosity respecting new phases of life was to write a novel about them. The scene of his latest one is no further off than the New York of the present day, but, nevertheless, like its predecessors, it has its mission, which is to depict the conditions of modern literary life. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos are, respectively, three young women, Constance, Mamie, and Grace, who are, one after the other, fallen in love with by the hero, George Wood, and who each do their part in his development and in the inspiration of his art. By profession he is a novelist, but his imaginative powers were still latent when he fell under the thrall of Fate I. She is the sort of person who would stand at the gate of Paradise, beseeching St. Peter for his candid opinion as to her worthiness to enter, and after receiving his assurance she might pass in, would linger timorously outside and block up the way of everybody else. Her own conscience is to her the most interesting thing in the whole world, and in watching its growth and variations she is too much absorbed to fulfil ordinary human duties with the promptitude they demand. Life is hardly long enough for the toleration of such persons: her sister Grace, decisive and frankly disagreeable, has none. And in justice to the hero it must be said he displays a hearty indignation, when he finds her shilly-shallying is endless. The next Fate has a scheming mother, but with Mamie the reader is always on

* 'The Three Fates.' By F. Marion Crawford. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

good terms. The scheming is of a serious enough kind to break off the engagement. George submits philosophically, and lets a little time intervene before he declares himself, in the privacy of his study, to be enthralled by Fate III, the honest and disagreeable Grace. Mr. Crawford is evidently fond of his hero, yet for very shame he cannot apportion him an engagement to each volume, and so at the end he leaves us in doubt as to how Atropos is to deal with the millionaire novelist—for to such commonplace consummation has he reached by giant strides. The other personages are, of course, necessary to make up the story, but the story is never attractive. George is the only character we care for, and he is interesting chiefly for what we are told about him than for what he is so far as appearances go, and because his career gives Mr. Crawford an opportunity for holding long colloquies with his readers on the conditions of literary life to-day. George once wrote a novel in ten days, and it was applauded by the best critics. The last chapter of it was written just after he had undergone the boring interruption of learning he was a millionaire many times over. Putting aside all thought of this news, he resumed his work, finished it, and neatly put the sheets together. When it was done, "without so much as thinking of resting himself after the terrible strain he had sustained during ten days, he proceeded to dress himself with scrupulous care for the evening, and went downstairs to dinner," all of which proves remarkable qualities in the young novelist. A year or two before, he had thought himself lucky in writing scrappy reviews for grudging editors, a hundred words to a book. Altogether his career is not a safe guide for the aspiring young writer. But there is a great deal of shrewd observation on the failures and the prizes in literature, and the reasons for both, and there is a very amusing descriptive list of the genus author at the end of vol. ii. The story may be treated as a more or less relevant digression from the essays on literary life with which Mr. Crawford entertains us.

## OLD TOURAINE.*

The second title of this book is the 'Life and History of the Famous Châteaux of France,' as though these were confined to Touraine. Couçy, Provins, Pierrefonds, Avignon, Sucinio, Clisson, Tonquedec, Carcassonne, Joscelin, and many another will at once start up as rivals in the recollection of more experienced tourists. Nor are much more than half Mr. Cook's castles in Touraine at all. However, the district he deals with is of signal though rather hackneyed interest. The buildings have been fully described before, and the events and personages connected with them are old friends of popular writers. He has worked laboriously in collecting from various sources a good deal of not particularly novel information, which, had he the knack of presenting it in an orderly manner, might have been pleasant reading. But his style is so wordy and pretentious, his sententious remarks are so empty and irritating, and his matter often so flimsy, that few who know much of his subjects will have the patience to do more than skim the book. As a sort of History of France—for such it purports to be—it is worse than useless, and this odd notion of squeezing the whole history of the country into ten castles in a single province is the real cause of Mr. Cook's failure. Books of this class are mainly relished by lady readers, and for them the historical lucubrations might have been replaced by some bright incidents of travel and picturesque descriptions.

However, the materials which the author has collected, if properly arranged and modestly presented, would have formed a highly entertaining book, and the subject is in any case a delightful one. Careless readers who do not mind confusion and repetition, may pass some pleasant hours with Mr. Cook. If they catch only a twentieth part of his enthusiasm, intelligent appreciation, and anxious curiosity, they will become better tourists. One excellent feature in his work is the attention he pays to the portraits and documents in which this part of France is so rich. He has also shown admirable taste in selecting his illustrations, which are very effective, and being mostly reproduced from photographs, perfectly veracious. On the whole his descriptions are judicious and suggestive, especially in the cases of Langeais and Blois. Nor does he show the too common prejudice in favour of a single style and period. Several of the historical episodes are well described, for instance, the Conspiracy of Amboise; and when Mr. Cook has thrown off the popular defects of his first manner he is likely to produce solid and pleasing work.

* 'Old Touraine.' By T. A. Cook. Two vols. (Percival and Co.)

## AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

### DIARY OF A READER.

*April 10th.*—The slave of the circulating library—there are many of us miserable wretches about—has at least a great responsibility taken off his shoulders. To the confidential bookseller or the trusted library clerk who translates his vague orders for sensations into tangible volumes, he has virtually given up the keepership of his moods. But these guardians often err in over-stimulating his appetite for variety, and when every new volume does not transport his thoughts from China to Peru, when some of them keep his mind in the same atmosphere for a little while longer, it is a grateful relief. So I found the other day on looking into what I had been told was "the sensation of the day," 'The Soul of Lilith,' by Marie Correlli, and into another story by a writer whose name is unfamiliar, the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, with the title of 'Under Other Conditions.' Both are concerned with occult mysteries; both have a strange, unaccountable, miracle-working person as their centre of interest. But El-Râmi, the communer with the soul of Lilith, is certainly the more fascinating, and all he does has an air of grand distinction about it. He is an Oriental, of course, the father-confessor of prime ministers and royal personages, an accomplished man of the world he despises. I think I have met him before, in the pages of Mr. Marion Crawford or of the first Lord Lytton. His principal achievement is to inject some fluid into the veins of a girl who had died. He thus keeps sufficient human life in her to enable her to answer in an enigmatic fashion his inquiries about a world beyond. For his sins he is finally condemned to idiocy, which is a melancholy end to so charming a person. But, indeed, it had been visibly coming on for a long time. The mysterious wonder-worker of the other book, Ezariel, has a fluid ready for every emergency, and his miracles are more astonishing still. But he has not the grand air of El-Râmi, and when gratitude is expressed for his services, he says, "Oh, it was nothing," like Mr. Toole, only in a much less effective fashion. He is not an Oriental at all, but the inhabitant of another world, with the instincts of a tourist and a philanthropist. I would strongly recommend the Rev. Mr. Lach-Szyrma's practice to many flounderers in fiction. Let their untrained imaginations run riot; let them misrepresent human life as they will; they can save themselves from all criticism by adopting a title on the model of 'Under Other Conditions.' 'If Things were Otherwise,' might serve. But 'Lilith' is an entrancing book read under proper circumstances. If you are half awake you might even take it for poetry, with all its high questionings and vague melodious phrases. When fully awake you are considerably bored by its decorative but unsatisfactory theology.

In this rarefied, scented, atmosphere you can't breathe very freely. Nothing is better for letting in the air than some frankly human villainy, and here it is in the memoirs of that dare-devil, thoroughbred, but most entertaining rascal, Casanova. His companion in this welcome volume of the "Adventure Series," Latude, is less of a villain, and is also much less amusing than the consummate scoundrel who storms your disapproving heart by his inexhaustible gaiety.

Into this questionable company comes a mild, unobtrusive little book by Mr. Salaman, 'Woman Through a Man's Eye-glass.' Perhaps he meant to write scathing things about them, but he never could have the heart to do it. He therefore paints the portraits of his friends, and so well drawn are they that we shall know them when we meet them. They are very agreeable people for the most part. Even the

"awful warnings" are dealt with in a gentle, paternal kind of way, and, in short, the "eye-glass" is all a mistake, for these observations were made through nothing more formidable than a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

*April 15th.*—Once in a while the circulating library supplies one with literature. And it has done so this time. Jonas Lie's 'Commodore's Daughters' isn't a flawless story, and it is marked by that peculiar crudity which is as distinctly a quality of Norwegian literature as its originality; but for as much simplicity and pathos one might look long among the library bundles sent home weekly. There is one bit of character development in it which is masterly.

'Rose and Ninette,' in its English form is swelled out by huge type to give the appearance of a novel to what is only meant as a little sketch of some social difficulties in France. Daudet always paints children to perfection, and if these miserable little Parisians have little that is childlike about them, at least he has not bereft them of grace. It is one of the slightest, but by no means the least, pathetic pictures of life Daudet has ever put his hand to.

Still another one volume novel. Its name is 'Betsy,' and the author hides himself or herself under the name of "V." "Betsy" is a benevolent interferer with other people's concerns, who acts with discretion. That should place her in a high and solitary rank at once, but high and solitary she never could be, for she is a cheerful, breezy, matter-of-fact and slangy American, who is "doing" Europe, and who feels she has done it satisfactorily when she has removed all obstacles out of the way of two stupid, reticent, helpless English lovers.

Mr. Algernon Gissing's new story, 'A Masquerader,' is a novel of character, but the shades are a little too finely drawn and sometimes they run into one another and spoil the effect. None of the characters, at all events, are very convincing, nor is the story itself, but it takes you up into an open moorland country where an old clergyman, more ardent as a fisher than a preacher, sings ballads to you, and for the out-of-door air in the book it is worth reading.

*April 20th.*—Mr. Hamilton Aïde has set down his impressions of America in the shape of a novel. Yet the book is hardly like a novel either. It has all along the look of being the notes of a journey written up with the aid of diaries and letters. The result, however, is very entertaining. If ever there was a conscientious traveller it is Mr. Aïde. He has determined that the tourist's crime of generalisation from one specimen shall never be his, and accordingly, it is not one or two but scores of Americans of different types he presents in his effort to convince us that a big continent does not grow all its men and women of the same pattern. The fervent New Englander, the *blasé* cosmopolitan Southerner, the schoolboyish millionaire who behaves as if he would like to tip everybody all round and take them to the circus, are capitally drawn. The only fault is that there are too many types, and the book has too much the air of a picture-gallery.

After crossing ocean and continent with these vivacious companions, it was a little humdrum to be brought back to domestic backgrounds and an English village by 'Maisie Derrick.' It had the bad effect of making me sympathise for a moment with the wicked girl of the book, Drusilla. But Drusilla's enormities put one in a proper frame of mind, which is admiration for the homely virtues of Maisie. Drusilla is underbred, blatantly avaricious and untruthful. Yet she is possessed, we are assured, of "charm," a rather incomprehensible quality under the circumstances. She comes to a bad end, and so does Maisie for the matter of that, though she wouldn't own it. By the way, the wicked Drusilla reminds one a little of the no less wicked Kathleen in Carmen Sylva's new and romantic story of 'Edleen Vaughan.' Kathleen had the same "charm," and one of the accomplishments in which it was manifested was her ability to balance a pencil on her eyelashes.

Ilse Frapan's translator introduces her to an English audience by two short stories, 'Heavy Laden' and 'Old Fashioned Folk.' They are both powerful—the first in a gruesome way, and the horror of it haunts you not very pleasantly. The second is a gem. The humour never retires to give way to the pathos, nor vice-versa. They are always hand-in-hand, as closely united as were the little quartette of old-fashioned folk in this perfect picture.

Mr. W. L. Courtney calls the collection of essays before me 'Studies at Leisure.' They are of that solid literary character that demands leisure to read as well as write them. I shall take them one at a time, for however versatile I may be, I can hardly give my mind at a sitting to M. Anatole France and to Dr. Martineau's theology. Besides they take in Ibsen, and his social dramas too—contentious ground. But why should a man with any claims to be a critic permit himself to preface a volume of serious studies, to their prejudice, by a bit of bombast like 'Kit Marlowe's Death?' The speech on Shakespeare reads like nothing so much as a third-rate peroration at a public meeting. Other "studies at leisure" lie near at hand, vastly more amusing, in the shape of Mr. A. A. Macdonell's 'Camping Out' in Bell's All England Series. Such a book, with all its dry detail of distances, routes, and prices, has an irresistible fascination, but no one should read it who knows his one holiday must be spent in waiting on an invalid uncle at Schwalbach, or with five children in a Margate lodging. It is calculated to undermine every dutiful feeling and domestic instinct.

*April 25th.*—'A Tiger's Cub,' by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, is sensation of the frankest kind. It is a story of hatred, revenge and villainy, but yet the horrors are not laid on with a trowel. There is more skill bestowed on the characters than generally is thought worth while in a sensational novel. This one deserves, at least, the ephemeral fame of being the railway novel most in vogue for the next week or two.

Novelists are still reduced to inventing sudden and dangerous accidents in order to put their heroes and heroines on a familiar footing with one another. But new kinds of accidents are hard to find. The bull has been chased out of the field; the butting ram has had its day. Mischances by water have lost much of their effect by repetition. It has been left to the writer of 'A Light in the Offing' to invent an accident, not picturesque certainly, but very ingenious. She makes her heroine fall into a slough, and, in her struggle, to lose her boot. At that moment the deliverer arrives.

'A Covenant with the Dead' is hardly a straightforward title. It suggests ghosts, blue lights, and churchyards, but these are not here. There is plenty of misery, but of horror none. Its plot is an awkward, perplexing, and, I hope, impossible, one. The cross purposes and intricacies of that Mirfield household are fatiguing, and if there had been no plot at all the book would have been a better one, though, indeed, there would be wonderfully little left. The family muddle here depicted suggests a desperate struggle after complicated situations, and the result is altogether inadequate and hampering to the evident ability of the writer.

Mr. Maarten Maartens is a Dutchman, who proves how well he knows our tongue by writing amusing stories in it. In 'A Question of Taste' he describes an unhappy Dutch household. One of its members, Ada, wants to escape from it. Joris, a dull, easy-going bachelor, rather given up to gourmandise, also wishes to escape from the cooking of his housekeeper. How both these desires fit in by the instrumentality of mayonnaise is a secret nobody could ever find out if Mr. Maartens were not here to tell them. Perhaps next time he'll find a more substantial 'motif.' This one is too light to have more than one lively chapter hanging on to it.

## LIST FOR BOOK CLUBS.

### THEOLOGY.

Spurgeon, Sermons (Contemporary Pulpit Library), Messages to the Multitude. (Low.)

### HISTORY.

Marbot, Baron de, Memoirs.
O'Clery, The, The making of Italy.
Fiske, Discovery of America.
Hyndman, Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of National Biography, vol. 30.
Sorel, A., Madame de Stael.
Hutton, Cardinal Manning.

### FICTION.

Aïde, Voyage of Discovery.
Castle, La Bella.
Crawford, Three Fates.
Daudet, Rose and Ninette.
Gissing, A., A Masquerader.
Hornung, Under Two Skies.
Lemore, A Covenant with the Dead.
Lindsay, Lady, The Philosopher's Daughter.
Frapan, I., Heavy Laden.
Lie, Commodore's Daughters.
Maarten, A Question of Taste.
Macquoid, Maisie Derrick.
Phillpotts, A Tiger's Cub.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Archer, How to Write a Good Play.
Morrison Grant, Protomantis.
Nesbit, Lays and Legends.
Tennyson, Foresters.
Garnett, Chaplet from the Greek Anthology.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lanin, Russian Characteristics.
Symons, J. A. and M., Our Life in the Swiss Highlands.
Booth, C., Pauperism.
Courtney, W. L., Studies at Leisure.
Saintsbury, G., Political Pamphlets.
Salaman, Woman Through a Man's Eyeglass.
Spender, J. A., The State and Pensions in Old Age.
Villars, P., The Escapes of Casanova and Latude.
Owen, J. A., Within an Hour of London Town.
Stevenson, R. L., Across the Plains.

## THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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3. *MSS received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

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*Editor of the Young Author's Page*
*'Bookman' Office,*
*27, Paternoster Row, London,*

*to whom all MSS. must be addressed.*

*The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.*

A. A. A. F.—The introductory verses are not bad, but the song itself, with its harsh tone, would have lured no one to his destruction. Read William Morris's version.

A. B. C.—Your poems are unequal, but the best have power and music in them. The didactic ones are the poorest, and a habit of quoting familiar lines should be avoided. Yours are amongst the most promising of the verses that have been sent for criticism.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.—Your poem is very obscure, and much lacking in music. What is the meaning of stanzas 5 and 7? The verses contain an echo of the questionings in "In Memoriam," but there is some original thought and imagery in them.

H. ARTHUR.—The feeling is poetical, but the verse wants pruning and weeding. It is full of prosaic awkward phrases, and it is a distinct weakness that the meaning is so obscure without the aid of the lengthy prose argument. Not unpromising, however.

BECERRA.—A pretty story, worth sending to a magazine for young people. The first part is the weakest.

J. BALFOUR.—There is some sense in what you say, but your style is conversational, not literary. Some of your figures of speech are hard to understand. What do you mean by novelists leaving their stories "at an angle of 45," or by "winnowing fiction," or by "young ministers with a caramel doctrine"? There is an instance of singular bad taste on p. 8.

LANGDON BLYTHE.—We cannot commend your MS. As a story it has little meaning, and so far as style is concerned, the abundance of such phrases as "a never failing remedy for the lachrymal ducts of crying children," and "a tastily furnished drawing-room" forbids us to encourage you to continue writing.

BOOKWORM.—Your lines are unworthy of the treasures whose praises they sing.

BRIAN BORU.—The dog story is poor, and would make most children yawn. Its one intentional joke is unfortunately repeated. The best jokes in it are the misspellings. The flower tale is pretty in its way. You might send it again to a child's magazine. The essay is full of misplaced colloqualisms, slang, and bad English, and there are no merits to counterbalance these.

BUTTER PAPER.—Very much better. It is a pathetic story you tell, not quite simply enough, however. The quotations might be left out, and don't talk of "avidious ocean."

CENSUS.—Very crude and improbable. You are evidently at the very first stage of story-telling. Whether you ever get any further depends not so much on practice in composition, as on the grasp you may gain on the conditions of real life and character.

CURLEW.—The parrot's sayings—either of them—might sum up your story. The construction is of the poorest. The "Personality" is none at all to the reader. You don't make him one by calling him so. The dressmaking and millinery details are, we think, uninteresting, and to call your heroine "a grey misty-looking wraith of a girl" is surely to treat her badly.

DAWN.—Much better than your last effort. It is something to have shown the pathetic side of snobbishness. You should cut out the tall talk on pp. 4, 5, and 17; and the conversations might be weeded. Do they really talk so at the Oxford Summer Meeting? A girl's magazine might accept the story, but its readers would, of course, condemn the conduct of the heroine.

DREAMER.—How could you leave line 4, stanza 5, as it is? Pick lines 2 and 3 of stanza 6 to pieces, and see how your meaning is distorted by looseness of construction. We have no wish to throw cold water on the purpose expressed in your lines, but if you mean to continue verse-making, we hope you will extend your good intentions of reformation in that direction also, and that you may "striving, shine."

E. A. S. W. G.—The translation, so far as we can judge, is very well done. With the author's permission, it should not be difficult to get it published. The story, considering its subject, is a little prosaic, but it contains one very effective passage.

ENS RATIONIS.—The story is worth telling, but it is badly written. The faults are very elementary ones; for instance, the repetition of a prominent word three times in a short sentence—p. 3. The reference to the Treaty of Paris is out of place.

ETHELON.—Only an out of the way country newspaper would print this, as it contains nothing that is not very well known. As an experiment in picturesque reporting it is fair.

EUPHUIST.—A composition that aims at depicting the misery of mankind and the need of sympathy would have been much more effective if it had been written in the language that men speak. Your high-flown style is peculiarly inappropriate for pathetic writing. Give it up.

M. R. E.—A careful little essay, but there is a badly constructed sentence on p. 2. And seeing the moral is so very obvious it was unnecessary to state it so explicitly.

OLIVE GREEN.—Why did you write it? and for whom?

H. M. V. G.—Pretty enough in its way, and might be accepted by a children's or a semi-religious magazine. But for practice nothing is more unsatisfactory than this kind of thin, allegorical writing.

M. R. H.—An interesting little essay, suitable for reading at a literary society.

IRENE.—We have failed to grasp the meaning, purpose, or construction of any three consecutive lines of the poem you sent us. We did not give up the task lightly, and are still haunted by an unsolved mystery in "Laugh on—ye who fill the giddy city throng, And think all truth and modesty in woman sham; Who made thee [*sic*] judge of rainbow blue or wrong? When sickly eyes preclude your view of placid Cam."

KISMET.—There is more human interest about this tale than the former one. As a bit of writing, it is not very good (see p. 5, for instance), and in the matter of dialect you should be more consistent. But the conversations between John and Jean are really good.

M. E. K.—Your MS. is difficult to read, but so far as we can make out, we should not advise you to take any steps to get these verses published.

G. LYLE.—Admirable sentiments, but commonplace.

MASP.—Why should you make a happy picture responsible for the tragical story you tell? Reference to the picture should be omitted altogether. The tale is not well written. It is a little mawkish, and we don't see much promise in it.

J. M.—You should send the story to the golfer's organ, if such exists. It is quite readable. The verses are pretty in a commonplace way, but are hardly worth publishing. There is something lacking in the last line but one.

NIGHTSHADE.—Send the lines to the organ of that sport, a variety of which you celebrate. They are not bad.

PEARL.—The first five lines very awkward. And "voiceless shadows dormant," is a very lumbering phrase. The sentiment of the whole poem is a little forced, but the lines are by no means rubbish.

SAMIVEL.—Your MS. was no doubt repeatedly returned because so much has been written on the same subject, and your essay contains nothing new. It is the kind of thing that might be accepted by a college magazine. Still it is very creditable, and you were certainly not wasting your time when you wrote it. By-the-bye, your parenthetical remarks might all be suppressed.

SCOT.—Quite without merit.

SNOWDON.—Your short paper can hardly be called a debate. There is no argument in it at all. It is a halting statement of the crudest possible thought.

TESSA.—The lines scan, but they have no other merit and little interest. It would have been a satisfaction to know whether it was "Yes" or "No."

TENEBRORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—All the sentimental verses are failures. A and B are altogether conventional, 9 and C are lively, and 8 is really good. 1 and 4 are perhaps the worst. The second version of 10 is the better, but what happened?

VANBRUGH.—A good story. It would be improved if you would throw a little light on one or two points of Mary's previous history. John is very vaguely sketched. In fact both characters and situations are lacking in vividness.

VIOLA LUTEA.—No. 1. Fair. Is there a joke in the two lines beginning "Tips of horse-chestnut," etc. No 2 we should advise you to throw aside. No 3 is very pretty; keep up to its level.

J. R. W.—Your ideas are enlightened, and you might read your essay to a literary or mutual improvement society, where the weaknesses of some of your theories would have a chance of being combated. The paper is written with care. There is something on page 8 that might be omitted.

WEST WIND.—Subject good, but workmanship poor. Line 8 should be re-made. In line 9 the punctuation confuses the meaning. The last line is very halting, and, considering the context, "A name undying," is without sense.

YGDRASIL.—A very improbable story. And for whom is it meant? Children might read the first part, though they would be very critical of the talk of the girl and boy, but the second would have no interest for them, nor, indeed, for others. We should advise your sacrificing part 2, which is wildly improbable, inventing an ending for part 1, and trying your luck with a children's magazine. But the aunt's conversation must be brought within the limits of possibility, and don't call her a "geological coalescence."

## THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Allan, W. G.—The Monks of Melrose. Lectures on Early Border Church History, 2/6 .....Thin

Cornford, Rev. J., edited by.—Book of Common Prayer with Historical Notes, 5/-.....Eyre & Spottiswoode
[*A carefully edited edition of interest to all members of the Church as well as to students. The source of the component parts of the Prayer Book and the date at which each was incorporated, are stated in the margin. The introduction also contains the contents of the B.C.P. of 1549, with a summary of the principal changes made at each revision.*]

Daniel, Rev. E.—Notes of Lessons on the Church Catechism; on the Prayer Book, 2/- each .....National Society

Davidson, Prof. A. B.—Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, 5/-
[*The only good English commentary.*] Camb. Univ. Press

Droese, Miss.—Indian Gems for the Master's Crown, 2/- .....R.T.S.

Hatch, the late E., and Others.—Concordance to the Septuagint, Pt. 1, 21/- ..... Frowde

Helps to the Study of the Book of Common Prayer, a companion to Church Worship, 3/6 .. ..... Oxford Univ. Press

Hutchison, J.—Our Lord's Signs in St. John's Gospel, 7/6 T. & T. Clark
[*A learned, thoughtful, and delicate study of the miracles in the Fourth Gospel.*]

James, C. C., arranged by.—Harmony of the Gospels in the words of the Revised Version, 5/- .....Camb. Univ. Press

Kirk, Rev. T.—Samson, his Life and Work, 3/6 .....Elliott

Knox-Little, W. J.—Journey of Life, Sermons, 3/6 Low

Lias, Rev. J. J.—Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 3/- Camb. Univ. Press

Litton, Rev. E. A.—Introduction to Dogmatic Theology on the Basis of the Thirty-nine Articles, pt. 2, 7/6 .....Stock

Lotze, H.—Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion, 2/6....Sonnenschein

Maclagan, W. D.—Pastoral Letters and Synodal Charges, 7/6 Wells Gardner

Malleson, Rev. F. A.—Jesus Christ, His Life and His Work, 3/6 Ward, Lock

Pirie, late, by Rev. W. R.—The God of Reason and Revelation, 2/6 Hitt

Rae, G. M.—The Syrian Church in India, 10/6 .....Blackwood
[*A careful and original investigation.*]

Rawson, Sir R.—The Gospel Narrative of the Life of Jesus Christ, 5/- net ..... Griffith & Farran
[*The book contains a continuous narrative of the events and sayings recorded by the Evangelists. It also places before the eye of the reader, in parallel columns, the corresponding passages in all the Gospels, variations of statement and language, and the more important changes in the Revised Version. The arrangement is useful and convenient for students.*]

Reynolds, H. R.—Light and Peace, Sermons and Addresses, 3/6 S. Low
[*Thoughtful and refined sermons.*]

Ridgeway, Rev. C. J.—Thoughts for Good Friday, 2/-....Skeffington

Spurgeon, C. H.—Messages to the Multitude, Sermons, 3/6.....Low

Spurgeon, C. H.—Sermons, 2/6 .. .....Sonnenschein
[*Contemporary Pulpit Library. Some sermons, prayers, and expositions of passages of Scripture delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle during the last few years of Mr. Spurgeon's life.*]

Thoughts and Teachings of Lacordaire, 3/6... .....Simpkin

Whitehouse, W. F.—The Redemption of the Body, 2/- .....Stock

Wordsworth, C.—Primary Witness to the Truth of the Gospel, 7/6 Longmans

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Farrar, Rev. F. W.—Silence and the Voice of God, with other Sermons, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*Besides the sermons that give their name to the book, published by the request of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, some others have been added in deference to various requests.*]

Stray Thoughts from the Note-books of Rowland Williams, D.D., edited by his widow, 3/6 ..... Unwin
[*These fragments, mainly on religious subjects, are suggestive and full of delicate feeling, very often happily expressed. The volume contains an "Essay on Faith," being the introduction to Dr. Williams' translation of Habakkuk.*]

Weymouth, R. F.—The Resultant Greek Testament. Introduction by the Bishop of Worcester, 5/-.....Stock
[*A very useful edition.*]

Williams, R.—Psalms and Litanies, 7/6.....Unwin
[*A new edition of a book that has deservedly won much popularity. It is meant as a help to those who "desire to offer daily the oblation of reason, or service of the mind."*]

### FICTION.

Aidé, H.—A Voyage of Discovery, 2 vols. ..... Osgood
[*A very entertaining study of American life and manners in the form of a novel.*]

Blanch, J. T.—Our Hands have Met, 3/6 .....Ward & Downey
[*An awful warning to "women of the period," whatever sort of women that may mean. Unfortunately the story conveying it is so egregiously silly that the warning will probably have little effect.*]

Castle, E.—La Bella, and other Stories, 6/-.....Cassell

Cameron, Mrs. L.—A Daughter's Heart, 2/6 .....White

Chilton, E.—History of a Failure, and other Tales, 3/6.....Longmans

Clarke, H. S.—A Little Flutter, 3/6 ..... Henry
[*Very light dramatic sketches, songs and verses, some of them amusing.*]

Colmore, G.—A Valley of Shadows, 2 vols., 21/-.... Chatto & Windus

Crawford, F. M.—The Three Fates, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Macmillan

Daudet, A.—Rose and Ninette, 6/- .....Unwin
[*A good translation of Daudet's latest picture of French manners and morals of to-day.*]

Daudet, A.—The Fig and the Idler, 1s. .....Unwin
[*A few short stories from the 'Lettres de mon Moulin' and Daudet's other collections of sketches. They cannot help being amusing, but they have lost some of their sparkle in the translation, and the illustrations are poor.*]

Donovan, D.—In the Grip of the Law, 2/- .....Chatto & Windus

Doudney, S.—Strangers Yet, 3/6 ..... Isbister

Eclipse.—Ups and Downs of an Old Tar's Life, 3/6 ....Digby & Long
[*The "old tar's" yarn is rather dull at times, but the boys for whom he spins it will possibly find some of his adventures of interest. There are headlines scattered about to rouse the flagging attention of the reader.*]

Frapan, I.—Heavy Laden, and Old Fashioned Folk, trans. by H. A. Macdonell, 1/6.....Unwin
[*This volume of the "Pseudonym Library" contains two powerful tales, one tragic, the other humorous, by this popular German story-teller. They are the first of her works to appear in English.*]

Gissing, A.—A Masquerader, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Hurst & Blackett
[*A powerful story, containing strong situations and full of poetical feeling.*]

Gilkison, E.—Story of a Struggle, a Romance of the Grampians, 5/- A. & C. Black
[*A tale of Scottish life, showing a good deal of sympathy with and understanding of its conditions.*]

Glanville, E.—The Lost Heiress, a tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure, 2/- .....Chatto & Windus

Gravenhill, G.—Horsley Grange, a Sporting Story, 2 vols., 21/- Chapman & Hall

Green, E. E.—Falconer of Falconhurst, 2/6.....Oliphant

Green, E. E.—Pair of Pickles, 1/6 .....Oliphant

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Hilarion.—A Jersey Witch, 6/- .....Remington

Hope, A.—Mr. Witt's Widow, 6/- .....Innes
[*A clever and amusing story. Its cynicism need not be taken too seriously. Neara is a fascinating adventuress.*]

Hornung, E. W.—Under Two Skies, a Collection of Stories, 3/6 Black
[*Clever and workmanlike stories, manly and gentle in feeling.*]

Howard, B. W., and Sharp, W.—A Fellowe and his Wife, 6/- Osgood

Ignotus.—The Visitors' Book, 1/-.....Sampson Low
[*These "Studies and Sketches in a Swiss Hotel" are bright and amusing.*]

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[*A tale of mystery and miracles, describing a tour on our earth by an inquisitive native of another globe.*]

Lamb, R.—Holiday Stories, 3/6..... R.T.S.

Lemore, C.—A Covenant with the Dead, 3 vols., 31/6 Griffith & Farran
[*A well-written story, rather spoiled by an over-complicated plot.*]

Lie, Jonas.—The Commodore's Daughters, 2/6, 3/6 .....Heinemann
[*A powerful novel of Norwegian life. It is to be hoped the publisher will give us more of Jonas Lie.*]

Lindsay, Lady.—The Philosopher's Widow, and other Stories, 5/- Black
[*Somewhat old-fashioned and occasionally clumsy, but with a distinct touch of originality.*]

Maartens, M.—A Question of Taste, 5/- .....Heinemann
[*An amusing page out of Dutch life.*]

Macdonell, A. A.—Camping Out, 2/-.... .....Bell
[*Full of useful practical advice for the camper-out, be he of the amateur gipsy or of the boating species. The information includes routes, the prices and description of necessary paraphernalia and cooking recipes.*]

Macquoid, K. S.—Maisie Derrick, 2 vols., 21/-.....Innes
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[*Moral lessons and short tales for children, printed in clear, large type, adapted for use in Sunday-schools or for home teaching.*]

March, E.—My Suitors, 6/- .....Digby & Long
[*An ill-written and somewhat foolish story of a girl's numerous and commonplace love-affairs.*]

Married by Proxy, an Extravaganza, by A New Humourist, 1/- Sampson Low
[*The probabilities are violated almost too much even for an "extravaganza," but the "new humourist" has evidently some talent for farce.*]

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Merton, R.—My Cousin's Wife, 2/6 .....Digby, Long & Co.
[*A pretty tale, very unsensational in character and quiet in tone, though the hero does become an African traveller, and a "lion" in consequence.*]

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[*The events of this story are laid in the Channel Islands, amongst the descendants of Huguenots, and in France. A fascinating and melancholy French abbé is converted to the milder rule of the Eglise Gallicane in time to allow him to marry the heroine, who is thus supposed to repeat the story of a legendary ancestress of her own. The tale is very badly put together.*]

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[*A very thrilling hour can be spent over this sensational tale. The story is well put together, and the characters are full of life and force.*]

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[*Well-told stories. The characters are rather melodramatic, but there is plenty of vigour in the narrative.*]

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[*A charming story of two little American waifs in search of a home. Grown folks will read it with pleasure, too, for its brightness and well-drawn pictures of country life and character.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

Atkinson, Rev. J. C.—Walks, Talks, etc., of Two Schoolboys, 3/6 Macmillan

Atkinson, Rev. J. C.—Play Hours and Half Holidays, 3/6..Macmillan
[*These reprints of books written for the boys of thirty years ago are hardly justified, and it is a pity for the reputation of the author that they should have been revived The natural history and mild adventures may find them readers, but there is a good deal that looks uncommonly like padding, and not a little that is on the border-line of twaddle, which make it very doubtful if this generation of schoolboys will give these books a welcome.*]

Besant, W.—St. Katherine's by the Tower, 3/6.....Chatto & Windus

Black, W.—In Silk Attire, 2/6 .. ..... S. Low
[*A revised edition of one of Mr. Black's prettiest stories.*]

Blackmore, R. D.—Alice Lorraine, 2/- ..... S. Low

Dickens, C.—Pickwick Papers, 3/6 .....Macmillan
[*An admirable edition. It is a reprint from the original one, with all the illustrations, and an introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger. The other volumes will be issued at the rate of one a month, and they will be welcomed as the best of all forms in which to read Dickens. If only the pages were cut!*]

Doyle, A. C.—Captain of the Polestar, 3/6 .....Longmans

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Payn, J.—The Word and the Will, 2/- ..... Chatto & Windus

Pryce, R.—Just Impediment ..... Griffith & Farran
[*The tale violates some of the probabilities, but it is sympathetically written and very readable.*]

Schreiner, O.—Dreams, 2/6 ..... Unwin
[*Fourth edition. The copper sun on the cover does not suggest very peaceful dreams, but otherwise this cheap edition is admirable. It contains a portrait of Miss Schreiner.*]

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Archer, F.—How to write a Good Play, 6/- .....Low
[*Mr. Archer has been an actor, and writes brightly and with knowledge. The art he essays to teach cannot be taught.*]

Brance, C.—The Lifting of the Veil, and other pieces. 5/- Sonnenschein

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[*A volume of ambitious and rather dull poems. The "Hand of Death," however, rises above the commonplace.*]

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[*There is a good deal of doggerel, like "The kindly stranger asked my friend if he would like some tea," in the book. But there are some evidences of poetic feeling too, and in a few cases of careful workmanship.*]

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[*Unlike most minor poetry, the longer poems in this volume are much better than the shorter ones. "Protomantis," "The Litany," and "The Moray Firth" are all on a high level, and less strained than the lyrics, if we except one or two written in Scotch dialect.*]

Nesbit, E.—Lays and Legends, 2nd series, 5/-.....Longmans
[*E. Nesbit is among the first of living poetesses. Her new volume is worthy of her reputation.*]

O'Donoghue, D. J.—The Poets of Ireland, Part I., 2/-.....Sold by Author at 49, Little Cadogan Place, S.W.
[*Part I. extends from A to F. It is an interesting undertaking, and the first step towards an Irish literary biographical dictionary. The bibliographical particulars seem to be selected with some care.*]

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[*In spite of the title, the verses are rather melancholy on the whole. The liveliest are on such subjects as "Spring Cleaning," "The Washerwoman." In the serious ones there is a good deal of thought, but a less than average amount of poetry.*]

Pollock, Sir F.—Leading Cases done into English, and other Diversions, 3/6.....Macmillan
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Stevenson, R. L.—Child's Garland of Songs set to Music by C. V. Stanford, 2/- .....Longmans
[*A selection from the 'Child's Garden of Verses.' The setting is skilful, but there is hardly enough melody in it for children's taste.*]

Tennyson, Alfred Lord.—The Foresters, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, 6/- .....Macmillan
[*With Introduction and Notes by P. M. Wallace.*]

Walters, F.—Studies of Some of Longfellow's Poems, 1/-.....S.S.A.
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Weall, S.—The House of Omri: Elijah.....Stock
[*The first part of a dramatic poem. The subject is treated with dignity, and though the diction is rather heavy at times, it is not lacking in poetical expression.*]

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Williams, J.—Ethandune, and other Poems, 2/6.....Black
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[*An interesting volume of verse. Some of the Border poems are full of music, and the translations are far above the average. But why is one section called "Clods of the Valley"? It deserves better treatment.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

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[*An interesting collection of parallel passages and phrases, which amounts to a defence of what is too often called plagiarism. An index is added. The book contains also some miscellaneous papers, mostly on folk-lore subjects.*]

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[*This book of verse to the praise and glory of women is not without poetical feeling and skill. But there is a special pleading tone about it which would more befit pamphleteering than poetry.*]

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[*Second edition of a booklet of religious verse, gracefully written.*]

Scott's Poetical Works, ed. by J. Dennis, vol. 4, 2/6.....Bell
[*Vol. iv. of this excellent Aldine Edition contains "The Lord of the Isles," the "Bridal of Triermain," and "The Field of Waterloo." The notes are admirable.*]

Tennyson, Lord.—The Princess, 3/6.....Macmillan

Wright, W. Aldis.—The Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi., 10/6 Macmillan
[*Vol. VI. of this fine library Shakespeare now revised, and with considerable additions to the notes, contains Troilus and Cressida, Coriolanus, Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet. The type and binding are altogether worthy of this scholarly edition.*]

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Archbold, W. A. J.—The Somerset Religious Houses. (Cambridge Historical Essays, No. 6) 10/6....Camb. Univ. Press

Black's Handy Atlas of England and Wales, ed. by J. Bartholomew, 7/6 .....Black

Chetwynd-Stapylton, H. E.—The Chetwynds of Ingestre, being a History of the Family, 14/-.....Longmans

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Engel, F.—Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844, 3/6 Sonnenschein

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[*Biographies of Marlborough, the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Ralph Abercromby, Marshal Beresford, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Raglan, with twelve illustrations, mainly of battles. The book is very unambitious in tone, and attempts no criticism of the methods of the various generals. With its spirited if not very artistic pictures, it is well calculated to rouse the military spirits in boys, for whom it is probably intended.*]

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[*The adventures of a father and daughter on a trip round the world. It is a very harmless book, containing a little, not much, geographical and general information on the countries visited by the travellers.*]

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[*Will be noticed later.*] Longmans

Morley, H.—English Writers, vol. 8. From Surrey to Spenser, 5/- Cassell

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Spurgeon, the People's Preacher, by Author of 'Life of Gen. Gordon,' 2/6 .....W. Scott
Symonds, J. A. and his daughter Margaret.—Our Life in the Swiss Highlands, 7/6 .....Black
[*A collection of delightful essays, most of which have been contributed to the 'Fortnightly,' 'Cornhill' and other periodicals. They describe what must be, on the whole, an enjoyable life, and do so in a bright and interesting fashion.*]
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NEW EDITION.

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Haslam, T. J.—Good English for Beginners.....Eason, Dublin
[*This little book contains many practical suggestions for students of composition. Its general plan—that of setting good models before the beginner, and encouraging him to examine and imitate these—is excellent, though the criticism of the examples occasionally leaves something to be desired.*]
Hay, W.—Shorthand Simplified and Improved, 8vo, 1/6, Sonnenschein
[*A new and simple system of shorthand somewhat on the lines of the eighteenth century methods of Byron and Lewis, but provision is made for a much more exact representation of vowels. The consonant alphabet, which has been carefully arranged, consists of strokes of uniform length and thickness. The system is well adapted for private use; for the requirements of verbatim reporting further development is necessary.*]
Hewitt, T.—A Treatise on the Law relating to Corporation Duty, 6/- Butterworth
Hurst, G. H.—Silk Dyeing, Printing, and Finishing, 7/6.....Bell
Ihlseng, M. C.—Manual of Mining, 18/-.....Kegan Paul and Co.
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Kuhne, L.—New Science of Healing, trans. by Dr. Th. Baker, 7/- Williams and Norgate
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